

The Outlook

JUNE 20, 1917

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THE ABDICATION OF CONSTANTINE

At last the long-expected fall of the King of Greece has taken place. His abdication, in response to the demands of Great Britain, France, and Russia, is accompanied by the waiving of the claims of the Crown Prince in favor of Constantine's second son, Prince Alexander, who is regarded as likely to deal fairly with the situation. Thus terminate the tortuous and treacherous efforts of Constantine to aid the German cause and to deceive the Allies.

Constantine was undoubtedly influenced by the Queen, who is the sister of the Kaiser, but, aside from this, his own desire and purpose have long been pro-German. He has repeatedly broken faith both as a King and as a man. Greece was bound by treaties to support Serbia and to let any ally of Serbia send troops through Greece. The first obligation the King meanly and disingenuously disowned; the second he promised to fulfill, but treacherously held an army ready to threaten the forces of the Allies in the rear if they moved forward toward Serbia. That this was the King's intention was shown when Greek troops under his influence abandoned Greek forts to Bulgarian invaders and surrendered in large numbers to the Teutonic armies invading Macedonia. Constantine was false also to his own people in that he disregarded and overruled the result of elections in Greece itself. Venizelos represented (and still represents, we believe) the true sentiment of Greece, and the Provisional Government and the armed forces which Venizelos heads will now have the opportunity to take their proper place in Greek affairs. So far as promises go, Constantine has from time to time yielded reluctantly, bit by bit, and with all sorts of reservations, to those demands of the Allies which were necessary to secure the safety and the support of their forces. These forces entered Greece with the King's tacit consent and with his pledge under his own hand of a neutrality specially friendly to the Allies. As a plain fact, however, the King's promises were never fulfilled.

The real criticism to be made against the Allies in their relations with Constantine is not that of over-severity, but of over-indulgence. The situation ought long since to have been taken firmly in hand. The verdict of history upon Constantine will be that he acted a perfidious and treacherous part, and that he has well deserved the humiliating fate which has befallen him. Forbearance in this case had long ceased to be a virtue.

BRITISH AND ITALIAN VICTORIES; PERSHING IN FRANCE; AIR RAID ON LONDON

The success of the new and brilliant offensive of the British armies in the Ypres sector was confirmed by the events following the attack. An eminent military critic points out that the fact that the Germans allowed thirty-six hours to elapse after their defeat before undertaking any large counter-attack proves conclusively the demoralization into which the German forces were thrown. During that time the British consolidated their newly gained positions and prepared to hold them permanently. Indeed, it is reported on June 13 that an advance from those positions has been made, and that attacks have been pressed along two miles of trenches and the Germans driven back along this line.

A special order by the British Commander-in-Chief, General Haig, congratulates General Plumer and the British "Second Army." It declares the complete success of their attack on June 7 to be "an earnest of the eventual victory of the Allied cause." General Haig adds that the capture of Messines shows that the only question is how much longer the Germans can endure repetition of such blows.

The territorial gain made by the victory in what some have

called the Third Battle of Ypres consists in the wiping out of the Wytchaete salient, which had been held firmly by the Germans since October, 1914. The salient is five miles long by nearly three miles deep, and its capture involved the taking of almost innumerable trenches, machine-gun positions, and detached fortifications. The gain straightens out the British line, and indirectly must be a great aid to the operations going on farther south near the town of Arras.

The actual battle of June 7 and 8 was, from the spectacular point, one of the most tremendous and frightful war operations in the world's history. It began with the explosion of eleven enormous mines, which the British engineers had been constructing for many months. Altogether six hundred tons (over a million pounds) of explosives burst into a roar all along the front. An eye-witness says that this vast force tore up the earth like a volcano, and that the country all about trembled as though in an earthquake shock. It was followed by such a burst of artillery fire as had never been heard before on any front in the war. The same writer says that the barrage fire "pattered ahead of the British troops like a hail of great steel stones, while a storm of red rockets arose from the darkness ahead as the Germans madly signaled for help." The German generals knew that an attack was imminent, but the mine explosions were a surprise, and the rush of the British troops behind their artillery barrage was irresistible.

The Italian forces during the week under consideration also began a new offensive, and one which, like the British, was in large measure a surprise. Despatches from Rome had stated that the Italian generals expected a fierce attack and offensive by the Austrians on the Trentino front. This was based on the belief that Austrian divisions had been drawn from the Russian front and had been strengthened with German troops. The world was therefore expecting news of an Italian defense against an Austrian advance. Instead came the news of an Italian attack launched against the Trentino front of the Austrian army. Thus Italy not only foresaw but forestalled her enemy's intention. The fighting of last week was in the heights of the Dolomite Mountains. The Italian columns forced their way up the slope of Monte Ortigara, seven thousand feet high, and occupied the pass of Agnello near by. General Cadorna has reason to be proud of the remarkable achievements of his soldiers in this attack. Italian reports state that recent Austrian attacks on the Carso Plateau have not resulted in important Austrian gains.

General Pershing reached France with his staff on June 13. His welcome to French soil was unbounded in enthusiasm and surpassed even the heartiness with which England received the commander of America's army destined for the war front.

Twelve or more German airplanes raided London on June 13; 97 persons were killed, 437 injured; 26 of the killed and 94 of the injured were children.

RUSSIA AND HER ALLIES

Neither in the Russian army nor in its capital have there been recent evidences that the wilder theories of Socialism are gaining sway over the mind of the nation. On the contrary, there seems to be a growing desire to learn the intentions and wishes of Russia's allies. Delegates who have visited the army from Petrograd return with one opinion—namely, that the army is ready and eager to carry on the war to a conclusion. It is reported that requests for an armistice on limited fronts have been made by German generals, and that in all cases these requests were referred to the Provisional Government.

Meanwhile Russia has been told with plainness and with sin-

cere friendliness by her allies that she must beware of the lure of the much-repeated phrase, "No indemnities and no annexation." The Russian people must see, and it is increasingly hoped that they will see, that reparation for lawless injury (as in Belgium) would not be indemnity, and that refusal to allow an oppressed and massacred people (as in Armenia) to again be subjected to the yoke of tyranny is not annexation.

The statement of President Wilson to the Provisional Government of Russia puts the case as to these matters as follows:

No people must be forced under sovereignty under which it does not wish to live.

No territory must change hands except for the purpose of securing those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty.

No indemnities must be insisted on except those that constitute payment for manifest wrongs done.

No readjustments of power must be made except such as will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples.

And then the free peoples of the world must draw together in some common covenant, some genuine and practical co-operation, that will in effect combine their force to secure peace and justice in the dealings of nations with one another.

Still more succinctly the opinion of America is summed up in President Wilson's concluding words, "We can afford to be generous, but we cannot afford . . . to be weak or omit any single guarantee of justice and security."

In general, President Wilson's statement dealt with principles rather than with the exact and definite war purposes of the United States. These last, like those of all the Allies, must be decided in conference when a peace council is held. They may be more definitely stated in an address which, it was announced last week, would be made by President Wilson on June 14. The statement of June 10 to Russia has been well received abroad. One more quotation may be made here:

The position of America in this war is so clearly avowed that no man can be excused for mistaking it. She seeks no material profit or aggrandizement of any kind. She is fighting for no advantage or selfish object of her own, but for the liberation of peoples everywhere from the aggressions of autocratic force. The ruling classes in Germany have begun of late to profess a like liberality and justice of purpose, but only to preserve the power they have set up in Germany and the selfish advantages which they have wrongly gained for themselves and their private projects of power all the way from Berlin to Bagdad and beyond.

Great Britain in its reply to the request of the Russian Government for a statement of its war purposes referred with approval to President Wilson's historic Message to Congress in May, and declared that the principles there laid down were those to which Great Britain held, adding to them, however, the principle of "liberating populations oppressed by alien tyranny"—an example cited being the need of freeing, not Russian Poland alone, but also that part of Poland which has been within the dominion of Germany and Austria.

France has already adopted in Parliament resolutions clearly stating its position to the same general effect and laying stress on the right of Alsace and Lorraine to return, if their peoples wish, to the French flag. Italy has signified her belief that the return to her of lands formerly hers is not annexation.

An interesting and encouraging sign of the times in Russia was the resolution passed by a great Union of Commerce and Industry held in Petrograd at the largest session ever held of business men, manufacturers, and bankers in Russia. They declared, "Russia will remain faithful to the end to those allies to whom she is pledged for life and death." All their energy was promised to combat the idea of a separate peace, which this body of influential men declared was not native to Russia, but was inspired by Germany.

BOHEMIA AND HUNGARY

At Prague, the capital of Bohemia, and at Budapest, the capital of Hungary, demonstrations by many thousands of people have been made. Those at Prague have called for an independent, democratic state made up of a union of all Czecho-Slovak lands, and those at Budapest have demanded the adoption of an enlarged franchise. The reported appointment of the Liberal

Count Moritz Esterhazy, a Hungarian noble educated in England, in succession to the Conservative Count Tisza, would seem to lend color to the young Emperor-King's promise of franchise reform in Hungary.

After three years without a session, the Austrian Reichsrath, or Parliament, has been convened at Vienna. The long interval has been in face of the fact that the Constitution requires the Reichsrath to be summoned annually.

The Reichsrath regulates all constitutional matters concerning rights, duties, and interests common to all Austrian provinces. These provinces are as widely separated by language and customs as are Austria proper and Bohemia, Galicia, and Dalmatia. It is with special regard to the aspirations of the different provinces, particularly Bohemia, that the Emperor's inaugural address is significant. Much attention had been given by his predecessor, the Emperor Francis Joseph, to the desire for greater independence on the part of the inhabitants of Bohemia—next to Austria proper the most important part of the territory whose interests come in the purview of the Austrian Parliament. Bohemia has its own provincial Diet, competent to legislate in all matters (that is to say, taxation, the cultivation of the soil, education, public works, charitable institutions, etc.) not expressly reserved for the Reichsrath. The treatment of the Diet since the war began has not been in accord with the relations which ought to exist between the central government of an empire and its chief provincial part. The anti-Austrian statements of the Bohemian agitators, it is true, gave the Vienna Government plenty to think of, and it will be interesting now to see whether these agitators will be pacified by these words from the Imperial address:

I am convinced that a happy development of our constitutional life is not possible without expanding the Constitution and the administrative foundations of the whole of our public life . . . in the separate kingdoms and countries, especially in Bohemia.

The significance of the scandalously delayed opening of the Austrian Parliament has not so much to do with the prosecution or the ending of the war as with the fact that the opening was forced by democratic agitation. The forces of democracy cannot be kept still. What the opening of the Parliament will do for real self-government in Austria-Hungary remains to be seen. Those who know the history of the Dual Monarchy may be pardoned for skepticism.

ALSACE-LORRAINE

On June 5, by a vote of 453 to 55, the French Chamber of Deputies declared that peace conditions must include the return to France of Alsace-Lorraine. Premier Ribot said, "We ask only that what is ours be returned to us."

Nettled by the continual contentions of the French that they wish to regain their lost provinces because of the popular demand in them for reunion, the German Government has finally taken action. This was reflected on June 7, at the opening of the Landtag, the Provincial Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine, by Dr. von Dallwitz, the Imperial Statthalter, or Governor, who declared that "the unbending will to end the war victoriously will further protect our German Alsace-Lorraine," and especially by Dr. Ricklin, the President of the lower house, who said, as reported:

The overwhelming majority of Alsations and Lorrainers did not want war, and only wanted to work out to completion their position as members of a state in union with the German Empire and to proceed further with peaceful labor. In this connection the war has made no change as far as we are concerned.

These remarks are quoted in the "Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," of Berlin, the Government's official organ, which appeals to France to relinquish the unattainable, and concludes: "Against Premier Ribot and the majority in the French Chamber of Deputies we put our firm determination to hold what, before God and the public law, belongs to the German Empire."

The Germans have not been able to suppress in these provinces the French language or the French civilization, which persist to a greater extent than the "Norddeutsche" is willing to admit. The Germans are jealous of this persistence. Writing in the New York "Times," M. Jonas Lippmann,

formerly of the "Journal d'Alsace," says that those suspected of being pro-French or who may have a member of their family fighting for France are compelled to wear a tag on which are printed the two letters "F F," which stand for the words "*Französer Freundlich*" (Friendly to the French) and that "all those wearing that tag, men and women, are practically ostracized, no one being allowed to speak to them except by special permission." M. Lippmann quotes a remark of Dr. von Jagow, formerly Secretary for Foreign Affairs at Berlin, "*Im Elsass sind unsere Leute im Feindes Land*" (In Alsace our people are in an enemy country) as proving the persistence of the French fiber after nearly fifty years of annexation.

M. Lippmann denies that Dr. Ricklin's address reflected the sentiments of the Alsatian people; instead, "these words were forced upon him." Finally, M. Lippmann contends that "never will one find an Alsatian of Alsatian parents who does not want to be 'liberated,'" and that "the restoration of martyred Alsace-Lorraine to France is not annexation. It is restitution."

The policy of evictions so harshly enforced and the display of militarism were, even before the war, so autocratic that the German civil authorities themselves have felt humiliated. There was much popular resentment. In 1912 the Kaiser is reported to have said concerning the Constitution granted a year before, "I will break your Constitution into fragments and incorporate you as a province of Prussia." Annexation to Prussia, as a member of the German Parliament remarked, would thus seem to be the hardest punishment that could fall to a people.

THE CHINESE PARLIAMENT

On June 10 the Chinese President acceded to the demands of the revolutionists that Parliament be dissolved, and drew up a mandate of dissolution. But this did not altogether pacify the revolutionists. They also demanded that no member of the present Parliament be eligible for re-election.

A committee of the Chinese Parliament, after the revolution of 1911, completed a draft of a Constitution, of which only the articles providing for the elections and the terms of office of President and Vice-President were passed by Parliament and became law. By virtue of these articles Yuan Shi-kai and Li Yuan-hung were, on October 6, 1913, elected President and Vice-President for a five-year term. A year ago Yuan died, and Li succeeded him as President. Li has enjoyed the support of Parliament, which, however, has been exasperatingly slow in adopting the rest of the Constitution, one reason given being the steadily disintegrating influence due to the old Manchu office-holders, on the one hand, and, on the other, to those men who would like to be new office-holders under a more pro-Japanese administration.

As a Liberal, Li formed a Liberal Cabinet with the exception of the Premier, Tuan Chi-jui. Tuan's policy did not always harmonize with that of his Liberal colleagues or with that of the President. It was hardly to be expected that Tuan, who had always enjoyed independent initiative, could be made to submit to others; at all events, early in March, without consulting Parliament, he tried to break off relations with Germany on his own account, through the pro-Japanese Chinese Minister in Tokyo. When President Li discovered this, he canceled the arrangement. With Parliamentary approval, he himself broke off relations with Germany, not by an association with Japan, but with America; in the words of the Government's declaration, China was "in accord with the principles set forth in the American note, and formally associating itself with the Government of the United States."

This occurred on March 14. But there has been no declaration of war, as was expected. The President's course was disappointing. Tuan saw his opportunity. He appealed to Parliament to declare war. Parliament refused to enter the war at his bidding, and by a great majority voted not to go into the war until it could do so led by a Cabinet headed no longer by Tuan. This it did to avoid the imputation of being pro-Japanese. The Peking "Gazette" accused Tuan of selling out China to Japan. Whereupon Tuan arrested the editor. As this assumption of authority was unwarranted, Li dismissed Tuan. This

angered the pro-war party, already naturally resentful at Li's delay.

The war is really only a pretext, though a very effective pretext, for the activity of the revolutionists. Their primary reason is that they are either pro-Manchu or pro-Japanese. This is not saying, however, that the men who have been nominated by them as members of a provisional government are not statesmen of ripe experience. It would be a pity, however, if the revolution, no matter under what disguise, should turn out to be a reactionary movement and should check whatever advance the Liberal constitutional movement has made.

The ultimate forces making for China's good are not expressed by a division of China, but by Chinese solidarity. In aid of these forces there will be exerted, we are sure, the influence of China's most steadfast and most disinterested friend—America.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE IN AMERICA

The arrival last week in this country of Lord Northcliffe, the distinguished English journalist and publicist, is an event of importance. A portrait of Lord Northcliffe appears in our picture section this week. Lord Northcliffe has made several visits to America. The first was when he was plain Alfred Harmsworth, a notable figure in the newspaper world and a man of rising power and influence. Now he comes as a special representative of the Government of Great Britain. His mission is not that of a diplomat, but that of a war organizer. His task, as he has indicated, is to co-ordinate the activities of the various British commissions now here, to make unified and effective the financial, commercial, and industrial efforts of the war energies of his country in the United States, and to help the two great Anglo-Saxon Allies in their combined effort for the war.

Lord Northcliffe is one of the most forceful men alive. From small beginnings in the publishing of periodicals he has become a newspaper king. In London the "Times" and the "Mail" are under his control, and it is said that his is the directing mind of over two hundred publications of all kinds in Great Britain and its possessions. Incidentally, he owns great paper factories and other gigantic industries. In English politics he is a great power, and to him is popularly ascribed the resignation of the Asquith Ministry and the accession to rule of Lloyd George and his associates. He is a hard fighter. When he was arousing Great Britain to her weakness in munitions and her need of conscription, he made many enemies and defied censorship and autocratic opposition. Even when it was seen that what he urged was a national necessity and his advice was followed, it was long before he was forgiven for his rough positiveness in awakening the country to action.

The services of a man of such unbounded energy and extraordinary organizing ability will in his present mission prove of solid value to his own country and ours.

CONGRESS

During the week ending June 13 Congress, we are glad to report, made two important measures ready for the President's signature—the Spy Bill and the Army and Navy Urgent Deficiency Bill.

The first (notable because of its failure to include the Administration's newspaper censorship proposal) punishes espionage by severe penalties, extends the use of search warrants and the censorship of the mails, authorizes the seizure of shipments of arms designed for unlawful purposes, fixes penalties for disturbing foreign relations and especially for injuring vessels in foreign commerce or otherwise interfering with it, provides for the enforcement of neutrality, imposes new restrictions on passports, punishes interference with the course of army or navy enlistment, and by an embargo clause empowers the President during the present war to prohibit, if in the public interest, the export of any article from the United States to any country. This last, of course, is intended to check supplies from entering the territories of the Central Powers through a neutral state. Despite the British blockade and all Allied efforts, the Central Powers have enjoyed a large trade with the world, chiefly through the Scandinavian countries, Holland, and Switzerland. The

possible enactment of an embargo law by the United States has already, it is reported, caused disquiet in Germany. To some extent the enactment of such a law will relieve the British blockading fleet of its burden because, as most exports that reach the neutrals come from us, the American Government will now be in a position (aided by the British commercial machinery established during the past three years) to see that neutral countries are supplied with only enough food and materials for their own use. As to this the neutral countries have expressed much concern, and three of them—Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland—have sent special commissions to this country to present statements of their needs and requirements.

As its name indicates, the Army and Navy Urgent Deficiency Bill, carrying an appropriation exceeding three billion dollars, provides for the expenses of the increased Army, Navy, and Marine Corps—the pay of enlisted men, their clothing, camp and garrison equipment, the coast and insular fortification, and, in an entirely inadequate degree, aviation. For the taking over of the ship-building plants of the country, the acquirement of foreign vessels now building here, and the construction of our own war-vessels and merchant ships no less than three-quarters of a billion dollars is provided. Unfortunately, these vital appropriations were held back for a week by a dispute over the purchase of the old Jamestown Exposition site, at Hampton Roads, for a naval base at a cost to the Government said to be far in excess of its actual value. The matter was finally settled by a provision materially reducing the cost. Meanwhile contractors who had supplied the Government with clothing and other necessities were, it is alleged, facing bankruptcy owing to the Government's temporary inability to pay them, and the men in training camps were not paid because the money was provided for in this very bill.

EYES SHUT AND EYES OPEN

When the Tax Bill was being considered by the House of Representatives, the Democratic leader there, Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina, declared that, while it was an inequitable bill, he was going to vote for it with his eyes shut. The bill was indeed inequitable. It contained such unfair items as a retroactive income tax, a ten per cent horizontal increase in tariff duties, a ten per cent tax on all articles now on the free list (which included many food imports), and an unjust form of excess profits tax. Now that many of the unfair provisions have been remedied by the Senate Finance Committee, so that it promises to be practically a new bill after the enacting clause, Mr. Kitchin remarks, as reported :

If it is true that the Senate proposes to strike out all after the enacting clause, it will be the first time in the history of the Government that such a thing has been attempted by the Senate. The Constitution expressly gives to the House the exclusive jurisdiction to originate revenue bills. If the spirit of that provision is violated by the Senate in the manner reports indicate and the bill is rewritten, whatever influence I have will be used to prevent holding a conference with the Senate or, if we go into conference, to report a disagreement at once.

It is true that the Constitution expressly gives the House the exclusive jurisdiction to originate revenue bills, but during recent years the House has shown such haste and superficiality in framing those bills that they have had to be reframed in the Senate. All of our recent tariff laws have borne the impress of the Senate rather than that of the House. The result is that the country as a whole is more and more coming to regard the Senate as a true House of Representatives rather than the House known by that title.

As far as this particular bill is concerned, a measure which Mr. Kitchin was prepared to vote for with his eyes shut, it would appear that when it is made scientific and equitable he will not vote for it with his eyes open. The reason, as he is reported to have said, is that the new bill shows the present war to be "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight and a poor man's pay." The irony of this is that the changes made by the Senate have been made in the direction of lessening the burden upon the individual rather than towards increasing it.

In this connection the United States Chamber of Commerce publishes the findings of a Nation-wide referendum on methods

of taxation. Its questions were drawn up before it was known what the House would do; therefore the publication should not be regarded as a taking of sides between the Senate and House. The largest vote cast in the affirmative was 1,312, and the largest negative vote was 340. The proposal to enact a retroactive tax is specifically condemned. Among the proposals favored were the suggestion to increase first-class postage rather than second-class, to put an excise tax on luxuries, and to adopt stamp taxes.

The two most important measures now being considered by Congress are the Tax Bill and the Food Bill. The latter is divided into the Food Production Bill, which has already passed both houses and is now in conference, and the Food Control Bill, which has just been reported by the House Committee on Agriculture, with the elimination of certain sections from the original draft as presented by the Administration. The eliminated sections are those which would give power to impose a maximum price, prescribe the percentages of flour to be derived from wheat, and fix standards for various commodities. The elimination of the maximum-price control will gratify those who believe that such a provision would have had an unfortunate influence upon the volume of production. The bill as a whole, however, is more drastic in conferring power on the President than anything yet introduced in either branch of Congress.

THE REGISTRATION

On June 13 complete returns from the National registration for military service had not yet been compiled. Enough official figures have been published, however, to show that the registration was, in actual results, as well as in spirit, a sweeping success. Such complications as arose appear to have been the result of blunders and ignorance rather than the result of opposition or political intrigue. Alarming reports were, for instance, circulated as to the conduct of the registration in the city of Philadelphia. The Federal authorities in that city, however, have expressed their conviction that incompetence caused most of the confusion. A trusted correspondent writes us from Philadelphia that "researches have established no evidence of fraud. The machinery of registration broke down entirely in the sudden great strain imposed upon it. In division after division hurry calls were sent out, and volunteers rushed in with plenty of zeal, but with only the vaguest idea of how to go about their duties. A number of registration cards still are missing, but each card is numbered, and the authorities will hold each registrar strictly accountable for the cards issued to him."

The estimated total of those registered for the whole country is now in the neighborhood of 9,500,000. The census estimate of the total number of males in the country within the registration age limits is 10,298,000. With the allowance for men in the naval and military service not required to register, it was estimated by officials before the day of registration that returns amounting to eighty-eight per cent of the census estimate would represent virtually a hundred per cent registration. It is now expected that the final registration figures may go over ninety per cent of the census estimate.

NEW YORK'S MILITARY PREPARATIONS

Among the States that have undertaken to organize their resources for use in war time New York may fairly be called pre-eminent. Having enacted a militia law which provides for the enforcement of the Constitutional obligation of its citizens for military service, and having provided by law for the military and vocational training of the boys of the State under the supervision of a military training commission, New York is now conducting a military census of the State's population.

This is not the first State military census to be taken during the present crisis. Connecticut, for example, took such a census of its people some weeks ago. But the New York census is by all odds the most thorough and detailed that has been attempted, so far as we know, in this country. All persons resident in the State between the ages of sixteen and fifty inclusive—male and female, white and colored, citizens and aliens—are required to

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



HIS INSURANCE POLICIES

Kirby in the New York World



HIS DAY (JUNE 5)

THE NATION'S SAFETY IS NOW IN THE KEEPING OF ITS SONS

From De Amsterdamer (Amsterdam)



TO THE DUTCH SOCIALISTS ON THEIR WAY TO THE STOCKHOLM PEACE CONFERENCE
Kaiser Wilhelm: "A good journey and much success!"

THE PRUSSIAN WAR LORD LOOKS FOR A GERMAN VICTORY IN SWEDEN

register and to answer a long and somewhat elaborate list of questions. When the census is completed on the 25th of this month, the State Government will have on file full data concerning the vast majority of its citizens—their names, addresses, and ages, their nativity, their status as citizens or aliens, their status as providers for others, their occupations and their qualifications for various kinds of service, and their ownership of automobiles, motor boats, rifles, wagons, draught horses, mules, etc. The taking of this census is a citizen movement, for the census enumerators are volunteers, a large proportion of them being women.

Meanwhile the State Military Commission has not only been organized, but it already has some achievements to its credit. Besides providing a course of physical and military training to be used in the schools, it has set to work to provide specifically for the training of boys between sixteen and nineteen years of age, inclusive, in lines of service useful to the State. The Commission is organized into three subdivisions. One of these deals with distinctively military training, one with vocational training, and one with physical training. Under the State law every child in the schools has to go through a certain course of physical training, preferably outdoor physical exercise; and every boy from sixteen to nineteen has to have a certain amount of military training or its equivalent in some productive work, such as agriculture or mechanics. The military training is in charge of a chief military officer, with a military secretary. Acting through these officials, the Commission has established for four weeks this summer a military training camp at Peekskill for boys voluntarily enrolled and for teachers who wish to prepare themselves for carrying out the provisions for training in schools. Under the subdivision of the Commission which provides for vocational training there is provision for farm cadets. Many boys have already left school and gone into camps in order to work on farms. The work that they do gives them credit for school work and for military training. Similar credit, which is recognized by the giving of chevrons to the boys by the State, can be obtained by boys who do agricultural work at home if it is satisfactorily supervised.

What New York State is doing is a demonstration of the power of democracy to organize itself.

THE LATE MR. CHAUCER AND AMERICAN RUMORS

Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer has been dead for a number of years, but there are lines in his "Hous of Fame" which sound (barring a few unfamiliar phrases and spellings) as though they might have been quoted from some British journalist's description of a visit to America in the summer of 1917:

"And every wight that I saugh there
Rounded ech in otheres ere
A newe tyding prevely,
Or elles tolde al openly—
Right thus, and seyde: 'Nost not thou
That is betid, lo, late or now?'
'No,' quod the other, 'tel me what';—
And then he told him this and that,
And swoor there-to that hit was sooth—
'Thus hath he seyde'—and 'Thus he dooth'—
'Thus shall hit be'—'This herde I seye'—
'That shal be found'—'That dar I leye':—

Whan oon had herd a thing, y-wis,
He com forth to another wight,
And gan him tellen, anon-right,
The same that to him was told,
Or hit a furlong-way was old,
But gan somewhat for to eche
To this tyding in his speche
More than hit ever was.
And nat so sone departed nas
That he fro him, that he ne mette
With the thriddle; and, or he lette
Any stounde, he tolde him als;
Were the tyding sooth or fals,
Yit wolde he telle hit nathelees,
And evermo with more encrees
Than hit was erst."

If this is not an excellent description of the manner in which the vast amount of subterranean information now burrowing

its way through the country has been spread, we should like to see some one write a better one. The next time a casual acquaintance, or even an intimate friend, secretly conveys to an eager and credulous audience information "direct from the inside" (via somebody's cousin's aunt whose husband works in the Navy Department) he can be profitably advised to make the acquaintance of the father of English poetry.

There are two reasons why every American should do what can be done to suppress the circulation of rumors or "inside information" about the war. If the "inside information" is correct, it may possibly harm the country by enabling alien enemies to secure valuable news. If it is false, it may do equal harm to the country by unsettling public opinion and causing our citizens to doubt the honesty of official reports. It is not at all unlikely that many of the rumors which are afloat have been circulated in the interests of our enemies. According to news despatches of June 13, the Government has already started a round-up of men suspected of originating false rumors concerning our fleet.

There is one excellent way of combating the rumor-mongers, and that is for our Government to give to its citizens every item of news which can be given without jeopardizing the security of our military secrets. The best way to fight rumors is with facts, for rumors thrive best upon secrecy and unnecessary censorship. Secretary Daniels in vigorously denying the rumors which have been afloat and exposing their falsity to public view has handled the present situation in exactly the right way. Every citizen can help the Government by refusing to play the game of those who, either with or without malicious intent, are circulating irresponsible gossip.

THE RED CROSS

The Red Cross continues to emphasize the need of quickly raising a fund of one hundred million dollars for carrying on its work. The raising of this sum of money will be the aim of the campaign for funds which begins on June 18. Mr. H. P. Davison, Chairman of the Red Cross War Council, whose statement of the needs and duties of the Red Cross was outlined last week, has recently said:

Many have urged that the Red Cross delay the movement for securing a large fund, as the time for giving is most inopportune. My reply has been that it is not more inopportune than the war itself, and that nothing will be opportune until this war is won by us. A particular case of urgency, aside from the general distress, is that our organization must be perfected and our supplies shipped to Russia and the East at once if they are to arrive before winter shall have closed the ports.

The Russian situation rightly calls urgently for attention. In Europe alone Russia has at least a thousand miles of battle front and only six thousand ambulances. On the Allied western battle front of four hundred miles there are sixty-three thousand ambulances. It is the imperative opportunity of the Red Cross to send to Russia thousands of ambulances with their personnel and with as many doctors and nurses as we can spare from this country.

The United States Steel Corporation has declared an extra dividend of one per cent on its common stock to enable stockholders to contribute to the Red Cross. The example of the Steel Corporation is one which perhaps can be followed by other business concerns whose prosperity has been increased by the war. The dividend of the Steel Corporation calls for the disbursement of more than five million dollars.

THE VIGILANTES

When you see an article or a picture signed by "John Smith, of the Vigilantes," you should know that John Smith is a writer and a patriotic American who is helping in a very effective way to bring home the truths of the world war to his fellow-citizens. Only more often than not, instead of "John Smith," you will find such an article or such a picture signed by a name which is either a household word or deserves to be one.

"The Vigilantes" is a spontaneous and a typically American organization of writers and artists who are engaged in putting

the best thought on the war into the hands of the greatest possible number of Americans. Most of their material is sent out in the form of clip sheets to newspapers throughout the country, and all of it deserves quotation and publication.

One of the best of recent contributions circulated through the efforts of the Vigilantes was a brief article called "Cornell Goes to War," by Hendrik Willem van Loon, of the Vigilantes. We publish it here in full:

"CORNELL GOES TO WAR"

"They are going.

"And there is something very fine about the quiet way in which these boys have taken to their unpleasant task. There has not been any enthusiasm. That was right. A war like this does not ask for words but for silent deeds. Our boys seem to understand it. At odd moments they drop into the office. There is very little talk.

"Going away?"

"Yes, sir."

"Army or Navy?"

"I don't know yet. I called up my people on the long-distance 'phone last night. They said it was all right. So I'm going to New York to-night, and then home to say good-by."

"Want to go?"

"Not particularly. But I suppose it is the only thing to do."

"And that is all.

"They are going, and many of them will never come back. The pleasant life of mediocre endeavor has come to an end. To be sure, we had never looked at them in the light of heroes. They were nice, lovable fellows. Their outlook upon life was simplicity itself. Graduation and a job. Then, after a few years, another job, a little higher up. Finally, a home of their own and some nice girl to be their wife, and a few babies, and a car, and two weeks' vacation to go hunting and fishing. Here and there a man with a hobby or the ambition to do, or write, or build, or achieve some particular purpose.

"To most of them, however, life meant a cheerful gift to be enjoyed as the faithful days came along. There was no searching for hidden motives or for an ulterior purpose. The amiable divinity of Things-as-they-are ruled their realm. They accepted whatever came with a smile, and they did not ask questions.

"And now, without a word of warning, they have been asked to face the Invisible Mystery. There was no complaint. They packed their trunks, and God bless them!

"They are going.

"Thus far they have been my students. But now, in an humble fashion, I am grateful that I have been their teacher."

THE FORESTS OF FRANCE

The German forest system has not only immensely enriched the state economically; it has also strengthened it in national defense. None know the forests' value in both these respects better than do the Germans, and, when war came, what they preciously conserved and used at home they immediately began to destroy in the occupied lands of their enemies. They did not stop with forest trees; in the recently evacuated territory they have even been destroying the cherry and apple trees, in violation of the injunction observed even by warriors of primitive times and recorded (as Dr. Richard Harlan reminds us in a letter to the New York "Tribune") in Deuteronomy xx. 19, 20 for the ancient warriors of Israel in the campaigns they were to wage against the Canaanites:

When thou shalt besiege a city a long time, in making war against it to take it, thou shalt not destroy the trees thereof by forcing an ax against them: for thou mayest eat of them, and thou shalt not cut them down (for the tree of the field is man's life) to employ them in the siege. Only the trees which thou knowest that they be not trees for meat, thou shalt destroy and cut them down.

Describing this devastation, Mr. Whitney Warren, the well-known New York architect, in a letter to the New York "Times," writes as follows:

As far as one can see the orchards have been felled. All the rest of nature, the fields and the forests, are giving all the glory

which spring, in spite of all, brings forth, but through these same fields lie the dead bodies of the fruit-bearers, their boughs stretched in appealing attitude toward the heavens or crushed under the fallen weight. Along the route in one spot we passed through an avenue of cherry trees, the bark of which had been carefully chipped off by axes for the entire circumference to prevent the sap from mounting, and yet, in spite of this, they were in flower for the last time.

The destruction of fruit trees has no military purpose. Its one object can only be to make France weaker, not for war, but *after* war. It is not only savage, but contemptibly mean and criminal.

The destruction of timber, on the other hand, has a military purpose, and can be justified under the law of warfare. While the Germans left some patches standing, their work of devastation began with such promptness that as early as December, 1914, the French Government was compelled to create a Military Forest Commission to act in connection with the General Staff "to prepare by all available means the wood supplies for the army"—that is to say, for the construction of trenches, erection of shelter, barracks, etc., as well as for firewood, for cantonments, litters, water installation, and corduroy roads. It also established temporary sawmills just in the rear of the fighting zones. It could not establish enough mills, and yet, with the enormously increased fighting force, it was necessary to have more and more mills. How to get them?

The British forces in France have felt this as much as have the French. Acting on their own inability to supply the necessity, the British Commission, when in Washington, called attention to the increasing need of sawmill units behind the British and French lines and appealed for our aid in utilizing the standing timber.

Hence at the May meeting of the American Forestry Association the matter was taken up, and an arrangement made, under the direction of Mr. W. R. Brown, of Berlin, New Hampshire, by which the six New England States were each to contribute \$12,000 towards sending ten sawmill units abroad. These contributions were promptly made, both through emergency funds to which the various Governors have access and through the generosity of lumbermen and paper-makers.

The ten sawmill units are each to have thirty-six men. The men are ready to sail at once if transportation is provided; and the machinery is ready, too—not only the necessary machinery, but the extra saws, saw-filing apparatus, etc.

Here is a case where Americans, particularly New Englanders, have responded immediately to a call from abroad. The American sawmill units will, we are sure, afford to the French and British as fine an example of efficiency as will the American engineers already on the ground.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WAR WORK

Although it was announced but a month ago that the Young Men's Christian Association would try to raise three million dollars for its war work, we can already record the welcome fact that the effort has now been successful—indeed, the Association proposes to add another million. The two largest subscriptions were one of \$200,000 by the Rockefeller Foundation, and one of \$50,000 from the United States Steel Corporation.

All this money is to be spent on buildings and secretaries for work at home and abroad.

For that in this country it is planned to provide a building and five secretaries for each brigade. This will give headquarters at each of the camps of the new army and those of the National Guard. There is already a building in each of the Officers' Training Camps, and there is one at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard. Buildings costing approximately five thousand dollars are to be put up near each navy-yard and Naval Reserve encampment. Suitable amusements will be furnished, including talks, stage entertainments, and moving-picture shows. Rest, recreation, and writing rooms and many other conveniences will be provided. The whole service is to be non-sectarian.

As to work abroad, the Association is sending thirty secretaries immediately to Europe. For future work, it is desired to

have one secretary for each thousand men. A large canvas structure with complete equipment will be supplied for each five thousand men. Supplies for these units will include sugar, biscuits, chocolate, writing materials, an automobile truck, and an ambulance. The American Young Men's Christian Association is to have its own building in London, and has just purchased it; the site is on the Strand. It has also rented a building in Paris and opened a branch at Bordeaux.

It will thus be seen that the Young Men's Christian Association, which for many years has suffered from the reputation of being "too religious" is proving the reality of its religion by recognizing the immense social responsibility now resting upon it. Should any one doubt it, let him remember the Young Men's Christian Association record a year ago on the Mexican border.

THE CASE OF SALVARSAN

The medical profession has few real specifics. In this limited list is generally included the drug salvarsan, a specific for syphilis, discovered and patented by the great German chemist Ehrlich. Because of the patent the drug is almost unobtainable in America to-day. The patent holders, a German company domesticated in the United States, have used to the limit the advantages secured to them by their strategic position in the chemical world.

The just demand of American physicians that the American people should be enabled to secure salvarsan despite the obstructions of the patent owners seems to be fully met by a clause in the Trading with the Enemy Bill now before the House of Representatives. This bill provides that the Federal Trade Commission shall have the power to grant licenses for the manufacture of any processes under any patent owned by an enemy or an ally of an enemy, provided it shall be of the opinion that such a grant is for the public welfare. Whenever such a license is granted, the bill provides that five per cent of the gross receipts of the licensee shall be turned over in trust to an alien property custodian to be appointed under the provisions of this bill.

The wisdom or equity of abrogating foreign patents seems doubtful; but in time of war patents held by enemy aliens have a status of their own, and certainly such a provision as is contained in the Trading with the Enemy Bill appears to us to protect the interest of alien patent owners generally, while at the same time it guards the vital interests of the United States. It should receive the hearty support of Congress.

THE ARRANGEMENT OF PICTURE GALLERIES

In his annual report a year ago, Mr. Morris Gray, President of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, declared that museums should exhibit their works of art "in such a way and in such environment as to enable the beholder not merely to see them more perfectly, but—and this is a very different thing—to enjoy them more deeply."

In his recently issued report Mr. Gray reverts to this subject. He recognizes the fact that museums give much time and thought to showing works of art so that they can be best seen, but he also recognizes that they have apparently given little time and thought to showing them so that they can be most enjoyed. In other words, museums have failed to recognize that the effect of a work of art depends, not only on the object itself, but on the receptivity of the beholder—that is, on his physical, mental, and emotional condition. "A form of exhibition," says Mr. Gray, "which presently renders a visitor tired in mind and body will bore him, while a form which retains to the full his vitality may make him reluctant to leave and eager to return."

The difference between exhibiting an object so that it can be best seen and exhibiting it so that it can be most enjoyed calls, we think, in line with Mr. Gray's opinion, not so much for any revolutionary change as for some amplification in arrangement. Such amplification might be accomplished merely by means of a light chair, easily adjusted, or a brief printed description lying on a near-by table, or other appropriate environment. Some people may deem environment a distraction—the incidental use of a piece of furniture or a textile or a plant. Yet, as Mr. Gray points out, environment invariably subordi-

nated to the objects exhibited may tend not to distract, but rather to aid the senses, and thus give opportunity to receive the deepest impressions from the object; just as a fire on the hearth of the library and the wistaria at its window give an environment that may well beget a greater enjoyment of Keats."

Again, the fact that exhibition galleries of museums usually open out of each other produces a certain stately effect and certainly enables the better handling of crowds on free days. Yet it entails a certain corridor use of the rooms. This of course constantly disturbs the man absorbed in the contemplation of a work of art, and tends to give him a restless, hurried feeling. Hence Mr. Gray suggests that museums should exhibit some of their greatest works of art in alcoves or rooms to be entered presumably only by those interested. Every one will recall how the beauty and dignity of Raphael's Sistine Madonna at Dresden is heightened because it is shown in a separate room.

Great art is, as Mr. Gray concludes, in its ultimate character, personal. While intellectual interest in art is common enough, he declares that (strange as it may seem) emotional interest is rarer. If Mr. Gray's suggestions are followed by other museums as they are being followed by his own, objects of art will be exhibited so as to be more effectively understood and appreciated.

TARDY JUSTICE TO THE SEMINOLE INDIANS

The Legislature of Florida has just passed, and Governor Catt has gladly signed, a bill making an appropriation of about one hundred thousand acres of land for the Seminole Indians in Florida. The extent of this grant is not quite what might be supposed from the number of acres, as it is estimated that only five per cent of the land is tillable, and a large proportion of it is under water. Nevertheless, the friends who have striven so long for justice to these Indians are enthusiastic about the victory at last gained.

It has been pointed out that over the entrance to the Florida State Capitol is a figure of an American Indian holding out his hands to welcome his white brothers to the beautiful land of Florida; beneath it are the prophetic words, "In God We Trust." For nearly a century the Seminole Indians have trusted in vain for that which was rightfully theirs, and which over and over again has been admitted to be due them. Neither the State nor the Nation has reason to be proud of its record in this matter. Efforts to establish the Seminoles on a proper reservation have failed repeatedly because of lack of appropriations of money, or because of the activities of speculators who had another use for the lands assigned for the purpose, or because of sheer inaction.

The Seminoles now number only six or seven hundred. They are the direct descendants of the Indians found in Florida by the white men on their first arrival. They are described as industrious, as being nearer pure Indian blood than most tribes, as at present increasing rather than decreasing in numbers, as fine in physique, and as having a simple code of morals, the main requirements of which are that they must not lie, steal, or cheat. They were long self-supporting, but the game upon which they have lived is now extinct and their former industry of cattle-raising has also become impossible. From time immemorial they have shown a strong disposition to maintain their independence as a race and to govern themselves without accepting aid or control from the white men except as absolutely necessary. Many of us will have a special memory of the Seminole Indians from having read in boyhood a highly colored romance about "Osceola," a Seminole chief who led the so-called rebellion of 1832, which was really a seven years' war, carried on by the Seminoles because their unquestioned right to their own lands was taken away from them by a so-called treaty which was a fraud and a shame.

The present allotment of land is really in lieu of five million acres in the Everglades long ago granted to Florida by the United States with the distinct provision that the rights and homes of the Seminole Indians should be sustained. The friends of the Seminoles believe that they will now develop into valuable citizens, and it is proposed to assist them in agriculture and by industrial schools.

WILL GERMANY WIN?

IF Germany is to be victor over our allies and over us, she will have to find her victory under the sea.

If the Allies are to conquer Prussianism, as we believe they must, they will find their victory in the air.

The German submarine is pitted against the Allied airplane. Time was once an ally of the Allies; but time is a treacherous friend, for now time is fighting on the side of Germany. Every day lost means a day of grace for Prussia. Every day wasted means the waste of several thousand American lives later in the war.

With this responsibility upon the United States for prompt action, there are two things for us to do: First, to help in preventing Germany from winning the war under the sea; and, second, to help our allies to win the war in the air.

Already we are hunting the submarine. Already we have under way a plan for building ships. But what we must not lose time in getting under way is the creation of a great American aviation corps which will insure the overwhelming of the Prussian armies.

There is no question that this is the greatest military contribution that America can make to the Allied cause.

In the battles on the western front it is the airplanes that win the victories.

When, for instance, the German assault on Verdun had worn itself out, the French and British armies began their attack against the Germans at the Somme. For three weeks the Allied airplanes dominated the air over those armies. They flew about the German lines and noted all that the Germans were doing. For those three weeks not a German plane crossed the lines; so for those three weeks the German commanders were blind, for they could not see what the French and English were doing. And because the Allies knew all about the German maneuvers and the Germans knew nothing about the Allies' maneuvers, the victory went to the Allies.

If you will ask an aviator of one of the Allied armies whether it is true that one aviator is worth a thousand infantrymen, he will be likely to answer: "That depends. If an aviator flying over the enemy's lines sees where the infantry can go through and reports the fact, and the infantry does go through there, that one aviator may be worth two or three divisions of foot soldiers." And that is the sort of thing that aviators are doing all the time. Some of them fly low and watch the enemy, and then make their reports. Others, flying higher, protect these observers against attack. Still others go far into the enemy's territory and report the movements of reserves and ammunition. Still others fly aloft with bombs and drop them on railways, thus delaying the movements of troops and supplies; on ammunition depots, so that the enemy's armies will be deprived of the ammunition on which they depend; on aerodromes, so that the enemy's airplanes are destroyed. And still other aviators hover above the attacking infantry and signal to them where danger lies and where the way is open. Aviators thus act as scouts, as artillery, and even on occasion as corps commanders.

The Germans are not naturally inclined to aviation. They are brave, they are skillful, but they lack the initiative, the adventurous spirit, the power to make quick decisions, the love of fighting against odds—all those qualities that are inculcated under democracy and that are to be found in the English, in the French, and particularly in the Americans. The Germans have good machines. At times their airplane engines have been better than the engines of the French or the English. At times during the war the English and the French engines have been of superior model to those of the Germans. But everywhere and every time and always the French and the English aviators have been more daring, more adventurous, than the Germans. And the American aviators, even among their French and English colleagues, have won distinction, as the fame of the Lafayette Escadrille has proved.

All that is needed to win the war on the western front of Europe is a host of aviators of the type supplied by France and England and the United States—overwhelmingly superior in numbers, as they would be in quality, to the aviators of the German army. When once the aviation corps of the Allies outnumber the Germans three or five to one, the armies of the Allies will win.

The English cannot supply this superiority. The French can-

not. All their energy and strength must now be directed to the maintenance of their general military organization. But America can. There is no doubt of it. Ten thousand American aviators might well decide the victory.

To supply these aviators to our allies we must have aviation fields prepared in this country, we must build here training planes for the instruction of aviators, and we must begin at once to make engines on models supplied by our allies, to be exported to France and fitted to fighting planes built there by American workmen out of American materials. There must be one training plane built for every pupil, and there must be at least three planes for every aviator at the front. Forty or fifty thousand airplanes must therefore be regarded as our minimum for use within the next few months.

Already three aviation fields with their hangars are under construction. Already the Council of National Defense has under way plans for the standardization of the machines. Already we know all that we need to know as yet regarding the manufacturing resources of the country so far as the construction of planes is concerned. But what we have not, because Congress has not yet granted it, is the money. Congress has been holding up a bill in which there is an appropriation of many millions of dollars for aviation. This is but a small fraction of the total that will soon be needed. A thousand million dollars sounds like a staggering sum; but it only averages ten dollars apiece for the population of the United States. That is an insignificant sum to pay for what we can accomplish in France by an adequate corps of American aviators.

When next year the reports of the casualties among the American forces at the front begin to come back here, we shall regret every day's delay made this summer. When the reports of the triumph of American aviators, their daring, their skill, and their achievements, come back to us here, we shall not begrudge a dollar that was spent in training them, equipping them, and sending them to France.

The men are waiting to be trained. The country has the resources. All that is lacking is the consent of Congress. Those of us who stay at home, those of us who must work at their tasks, will gladly be frugal, and even penurious. But there is one place where we must not let frugality or penury govern, and that is in providing for this aviation corps. For this let Congress be lavish.

HOW AMERICANS WAGE WAR

In The Outlook of June 6 we quoted at some length from an editorial in the New York "Globe." This editorial (citing the case of Captain Semmes, of the Alabama) was written in refutation of the assertion of the "New Republic" that the United States, confronted by a dangerous blockade, would use the submarine as ruthlessly as the Imperial Government of Germany is using it in the present war.

To that general refutation of the assertion of the "New Republic" Mr. Augustus L. Richards has added, in a letter to the "Globe," specific examples of the way in which Americans have waged war on the high seas.

Mr. Richards draws his examples from "The Cruise of the Alabama and the Sumter," a book published in 1864, which contains an account of the adventures of the Confederate privateers gathered from the journals and papers of Raphael Semmes and his officers. Mr. Richards gives several accounts of the manner in which the Alabama handled her prizes.

On one occasion, for instance, the captain of the Alabama came up with and brought to the packet Tonawanda with a full cargo of grain and some seventy-five passengers. He had no room for her passengers on board. He therefore placed a prize crew on the Tonawanda and kept the ship in company for several days. At last, no neutral sail appearing to which he could transfer the passengers of the Tonawanda, and an ugly gale threatening, he dismissed the Tonawanda in safety, after exacting from her master a ransom bond of eighty thousand dollars. It never occurred to Semmes to do otherwise.

Again, on another occasion, Captain Semmes captured the mail steamer Ariel, having on board one hundred and forty United States marines, several military and naval officers, and

about five hundred other passengers, a large proportion of whom were women and children. According to some present-day thinking, such a ship would certainly be classed as a transport and liable to destruction with all on board. What did Captain Semmes do? He determined to convoy the *Ariel* to Kingston, Jamaica, but on approaching that port he learned from another ship that Kingston was suffering from a severe visitation of yellow fever. He therefore permitted the *Ariel*, rich prize though she was, to escape unharmed rather than endanger the lives of her passengers in a fever-stricken port. Mr. Richards rightly says:

It should be borne in mind that the American who did these things was fighting against hopeless odds and in a desperate cause; that both he and the people whom he loved and for whom he fought believed sincerely that they were struggling for freedom against a greedy and malevolent *entente* of hostile States; that these people were surrounded by a ring of enemies, far more wealthy and populous than they; that they were being blockaded (unlawfully, as they believed) in an attempt to starve them and destroy their commerce; that their land was being overrun by hostile armies; that they were finally so starved and impoverished that they were forced to sue for peace on terms of unconditional surrender.

The facts of American history supply ample refutation to any one who attempts to doubt the fundamental morality of the American spirit.

STUPID RECRUITING METHODS

There is just one proper and patriotic argument available for the use of recruiting officers at the present time. It has appeared, happily, in many forms, but perhaps the best is the slogan of the Marine Corps: "First to fight." If a man volunteers now, he can go to the front sooner than if he waits for the draft; this is the argument of the Marine Corps, and it should be the only argument for volunteering accepted by the military authorities of the United States.

It is right to call for volunteers. It is emphatically vicious to combine this call for volunteers with any disparagement of the men who are to be drafted. The worst offender in this respect which has been brought to our attention is the Seventy-first Regiment (New York), whose recruiting officers have put out a poster reading, "Don't be a mutt and wait for the dog-catcher." A similarly flagrant instance of bad judgment—or worse—is reported in the New York "Evening Post." According to that journal, a recruiting officer held up a pair of handcuffs before a crowd and shouted: "Do you want to wait until we come after you with these? How would your mother like to see her boy marched off to war with handcuffs on his wrists?"

When a whole nation enrolls its young men for service upon a basis of absolute democratic equality, those who are registered for military duty are entitled to every measure of respect from their government. Cannot the War Department repress the misguided activities of some of its unthinking recruiting officers?

MAJOR SUNDAY?

Our new armies are to be raised by selective conscription. This means that, contrary to our general method of doing things, we are going to try to put square pegs into square holes and round pegs into round holes. We are going to try to use the great human wealth of our country to the best possible advantage in the long trial of strength with autocracy which is before us.

To utilize our youths to the best advantage we shall throw what safeguards we can about them to protect them against drunkenness, vice, and disease.

The best safeguard against drunkenness and vice is a clean mind. There is one man in the country who has carried the message of the clean mind home to more thousands than any other. Why not, in accordance with the true principles of selective conscription, draft this man for service in our training camps or behind our lines in France?

Why not commission the Rev. William A. Sunday a chaplain in the Army?

We do not know Mr. Sunday's plans for the future, but we are inclined to believe and to hope that if the Government should open to him an opportunity to preach clean living and clean thinking to the soldiers of his country the only way to "conscript" him for such service would be to catch him before he had a chance to enlist.

Why not Major Sunday, Chaplain-General to the American Forces?

MR. HAGEDORN'S ODE

To many Americans of German ancestry the present war has meant the same struggle between heart and mind that came to the Americans of the border States in our Civil War, and that must also have come to so many Americans of English ancestry who served in the armies of Washington.

There is no need to repeat at this time our earnest belief that the vast majority of our citizens of German ancestry are to-day loyal Americans; yet what a vindication of our National ideals it would have been if during the months which preceded the war our German-American citizens could have led in combating the scientific despotism of the German Imperial Government, just as our English-Americans took the lead against the stupid despotism of George III.

Passive loyalty to the United States is not enough. The need of the hour is fighting loyalty for Americans of all ancestries and creeds.

We commend to our readers the challenge to service contained in Hermann Hagedorn's "An Ode of Dedication," which we publish in this issue. This poem is a National challenge which Americans in whose veins flows German blood may look upon with pride and which our country should remember with honor.

A DAY IN EDUCATIONAL HAPPY-LAND

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

I WAS in Gary, in Indiana, on the wonderful and solemn Registration Day of the 5th of June. The usual mighty pall of smoke and mist hung over the city by the lake. All day long the toll of steel products for the Allies and ourselves poured out of the furnaces and into the molds and through the rollers and into the cars, to be finally transported to the ends of the earth. All day long a steady stream of youth from twenty-one to thirty, born of many nations, flowed out of the mills towards the registration booths and back to their labors. All was smoothness, precision, efficiency, frictionless Americanism. Here was a perfectly working industrial machine which produced profit and high wages and patriotism, and, while of course not itself democratic in control, was furnishing economic underpinning and defense to democracy.

The really democratic thing in Gary is not steel, but education. I spent most of the day in the Wirt schools, looking into

the newest experiment in educational democracy. There are as many as eight great buildings, and every one of them is a unit in itself. Each building is set in the midst of a great plot of ground—sometimes twenty acres. And so there is plenty of room for an outdoor gymnasium, for flower and vegetable gardens, for a quarter-mile track, a baseball field, lawns, tennis courts, and a menagerie. Each one of the schools serves from twelve hundred to two thousand pupils, and all day long changing groups of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred youngsters are enjoying sports, stunts, animals, agriculture, and drinking in health and zest to the full, while the outdoor precincts of the educational sanctuary resound with joyous laughter.

But doesn't it disturb the student workers within? Not a whit. Nothing disturbs them. Inside everything is as natural as it is outside. I happened to enter the first building at the end of a period, when hundreds of boys and girls were going from one

room to another. The halls resounded with the loud and eager conversation of the children as they passed. Anybody accustomed to the training in death-like silence of the old educational order would be straitly startled. But it was not noise. It was naturalness. The energy of youth had broken loose again for a little while, and nobody interfered. Nobody interfered with anything but bad temper or mere prolonged boisterousness.

Most of the boys and girls spend eight hours of each day in one of these great community homes. I do not wonder that many of them stay around there after school from sheer choice and human interest. Every child has an hour of industrial production, an hour of play, an hour in the auditorium, an hour at luncheon, and four hours in academic class work. Every child is always doing something that is worth doing, he is always being related in a concrete and practical way to life as it is, and irksomeness is driven away by the wand of change and play.

During the hour set for industrial labor boys and girls alike do the most helpful and interesting things. The boys set type, run presses—print record cards and daily programmes and department bulletins and the school paper. They mend bicycles and automobiles. I saw one group of quiet, hard-working boys at the forge. I saw one fine class of little girl molders making various kitchen utensils. I saw a most interesting shoe shop where a group of sturdy little fellows were learning to mend and resole shoes for their brothers and sisters at home. I called the roll of nations as they sat there at their little benches. One was a Jew, the next was a Slav, the next a Bohemian, the next a Pole, the next a little Frenchman, and then an Armenian, then a Lithuanian, and the last on the roll was the finest little fellow, a Spaniard, who had been only four months in this country, and who said in Spanish that he hadn't much chance to talk in school because nobody could understand him. And they were all being made Americans so fast that they didn't know it was happening.

And the hour in the auditorium is a constant source of interest and joy. There was a German play being enacted as we went into one auditorium, and what amazed me was that the youngsters were actually laughing at the jokes in German—that they understood it. The week before they had had a French play. It is a part of the system that the pupils, in learning a new thing, act out what they are saying. The pupil says in the new language, "Now I am jumping, now I am running," and the teacher has him go through the motions as he speaks.

And the folk-dances of many countries—the girls were going through them with an ease and heartiness which indicated an appreciation of their meaning. And the music and the moving pictures—how good and wholesome it all was! What is the use of playing truant from a place like that? What is the use of yawning over education when it comes with such accompaniments? If you and I ran away from school in the old days, we did it because we felt the need of something like a moving-picture show for a change, or we wanted to go in swimming. But in Gary the best way to get all these things is to run to school.

As for swimming, such wonderful pools for the boys and girls—one pool for each sex in each building! I saw the detail of boys for one hour in the Froebel Building. The swimming master was an educational artist. I saw more good moral discipline and character developed during that hour than I ever saw in a corresponding time in any school in my life. Obedience, respect for authority, will—they learned not so much to beat each other in the exercises of the pool as they learned to beat themselves. The motto, "I can, I must, I will," hung over the pool, and when a little fellow didn't quite come up to his best in trying something new or something old the instructor called his attention to the motto and he buckled down to business with new zeal. And such swimming, for youngsters, I never saw! Two little fellows ten years old swam sixty feet in eleven seconds flat. They were all perfectly amphibious. There seemed to be no difference at all in the home feeling in the water or out. Already some of the older pupils have beaten the swimming records of near-by Chicago. And here again the instructor let me call the roll of nationalities, and each little fellow, as he went by me, gave his own nationality. And this is the way they ran, as I made a record of it—Italian, American, Lithuanian, Lithuanian, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Slav, Hungarian,

Italian, Croatian, Hungarian, Polish, Serbian, Croatian, Austrian, Italian, Croatian.

The outdoor contingents were going over the gymnastic apparatus like little monkeys. Little tots on the trapeze, climbing ladders, going up hand over hand, getting tremendously strong in wrists and fingers, doing stunts that it would scare the ordinary mother to death to see her children attempting. But nobody falls. Nobody is hurt. Around the edge of the playground are all kinds of animals in cages—coyotes, prairie dogs, raccoons, pheasants, thoroughbred chickens of many varieties. A few feet up in a tree is a robin on her nest. But she doesn't mind. Nobody minds. This is home. And naturalness is king and ward.

And by and by we went in to luncheon. Oh, my, what a meal I had for twenty-four cents! all cooked by the girls. The most invigorating odors from the kitchen, the most perfect cleanliness, the finest cakes and puddings! All the girls were learning a domestic science that is good for the home, that is related to families and what folks eat in normal surroundings. They feed hundreds of students at luncheon each day.

If you should take the old type of school and turn it into a Gary school at once, the pupils would tear the house down. Like Russia, in passing out of a period of repression, they would not understand at first how to use their freedom. But nobody in the Gary schools says, "Don't break the furniture." There aren't any rules. The Gary system gradually gets all the energy of the pupils used in such perfectly normal ways that there is no need for outlets toward devilry.

Although there was action everywhere, I did not see anybody doing anything worthless. More than two thousand attend the Froebel Building, at least one-half of them being boys. But nobody smokes. Nobody wants to. They have all passed through that athletic swimming director's hands, and he has got it into their heads that it isn't good physically for a boy to smoke.

The boys and girls get very little that is abstract until they are ready for it. Children of eight, nine, and ten study zoölogy, and enjoy it and get a lot out of it. The room is full of animals—fishes, snakes, crocodiles, turtles, rabbits, possums, flying-squirrels. They don't dissect them, but they learn their nature and habits—what the animals do when alive. The teacher takes the pupils out into the woods near by, and one day recently the children picked out twenty different varieties of birds.

I have set forth an impression of the ideal side of Gary as I saw it, because what I have described is the really new and vital idea which has there been contributed to education. Not everything I saw was ideal. There were some evidences of disorganization and lack of supervision, partly due, I have no doubt, to the necessarily prolonged absence of the founder in New York, where the great experiment is to be tried on a vast scale. On the academic side, the regular class-room work in the serious studies, I saw some pretty shaky attempts at instruction. But there is no necessity for these defects in the system.

What Gary has done is to break the lock-step in education. The old rigid deadly régime of putting the abnormal, the subnormal, the normal, the hand-minded, and the book-minded all through the mill together during the five or six hours per day of straight-out, fatiguing academic persecution—these particular imbecile delusions will soon pass away.

Over in the mighty neighboring city of Chicago a most disturbing and reactionary educational chaos happens just now to reign supreme—alleged graft, incompetence, conservatism, insolent and ignorant political control such as is immemorably associated everywhere with the type of Bill the Boob Who Never Grew Up. You cannot get a new idea into the educational skull of this sort of a ruling order except by a surgical operation. That is not democracy, and it has not in it the making of democracy. But the youthful Gary, only ten years old, without hard and fast traditions to upset, with a pride in business efficiency, and with a comforting knowledge that hundreds every year from every State in the Union and every foreign civilized country are visiting the municipality to look on and wonder and admire—corporation Gary—is blazing the way to educational democracy, which is already followed, at least in part, by a hundred cities in the Union, and will soon be followed in substance by all who wish to energize the minds of the mass of the people into natural growth and freedom.

AN ODE OF DEDICATION

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

Verses written to be read before the Harvard Chapter, Phi Beta Kappa, June 18, 1917

I

Who would have thought a month of Spring
Could work so deep a change?
Who would have thought a dream could sting
The dead to new life, quivering,
And shake dull hearts with echoing
Of music new and strange?
The deaf have heard a call,
The scoffers have heard a cry.
Freedom moaned, "Give help! I fall!
Brother, your hand! I die!"
The dumb have heard and spoken,
The sluggards have stirred;
A word, a dream, has broken
The sleep of the sepulchered!
Through the storm and the dark
Freedom flashed a spark,
And we who love her name
Burst into flame,
And came!

Who would have thought that April days
Could work such conjury?
Up from the crowded towns ablaze,
Up from the green hills, like a haze
Slow-rising to some magic lay's
Unearthly harmony—
Walls and resplendent spires
Have arisen, and stand!
A place of faint, far choirs
And chimes and candle-fires,
A month of new desires
Has made a noisy land.
A place of prayer and search,
A house of God, a church!

Lo, how the spires ascend!
Lo, how the arches rise!
Lo, how the pinnacles pierce the clouds
To melt their glow with the sky's!
What miracle, Wyoming?
What high roof overspreads,
Kansas, your waving fields,
New York, your hurrying heads?
What roof strains to the stars
Over hill, over plain?
What Gothic glory covers you both,
California, Maine?
In Florida, in Idaho,
The crystal walls aspire;
In Oregon, in Delaware,
Sings low the faint, far choir.
The valleys feel a sacred stir
In every leaf and clod;
And from every mountain, every hill,
The pillars loom up to God.

II

Who said, "*It is a booth where doves are sold*"?
Who said, "*It is a money-changers' cave*"?
Silence to such forever, and behold!
It is a vast cathedral, and its nave
And dim-lit transept and broad aisles are filled
With a great nation's millions, on their knees
With new devotion and high fervor thrilled
Offering silver and heart's-ease
And love and life and all sweet, temporal things,
Still to keep bright
The steady light
That stifles in the wake of kings!
A market-place! they cried?
A lotus-land? They lied!

It is a great cathedral, not with hands
Upraised, but by the spirit's mute commands
Uplifted by the spirit, wall and spire,
To house a nation's purified desire!
A church! Where in hushed fervor stand
The children of contending races,
Forgetting feud and fatherland—
A hundred million lifted faces.

III

Once more the bugle breaks the April mood.
Once more the march of armies wakes the glen.
Once more the ardor simmers in the blood.
Once more a dream is single lord of men!

From images, from gods of clay,
From idols bright with diadems;
From lips that drew our souls astray
With lure of palaces and gems
And dancing girls and lights and wine
And crowns and power and golden halls;
From pride's penurious Mine and Thine,
Like narrow streets with towering walls;
From painted counterfeits and trash
We turn to the authentic gleam,
Where in the gale and battle thrash
The banners of a holy dream!

Once more a dream is single lord of men!
Yea, we have put aside all little gods!
A dream is captain of the hours again!
And we who were the sod's
Budding and fading children, with no trust
Or treasury beyond the dust,
Feel on our eyes ethereal finger-tips
Burn like a living coal!—
And gasp to feel the angel at our lips
Call and awake the soul!

Once more a dream is single lord of men!
Yea, we will rise and go, and face disaster
And want and wounds and death in some far fen,
Having no king, but a great dream for master!—
To lead us over perilous seas, through trials
Of heart and spirit, through long nights of pain,
Through agonies of fear, and self-denials,
And longing for far friends and comrades slain,
And doubt and hate and utter weariness
And savage hungers and supreme despairs—
Yea, we will go, yea, we will acquiesce,
So at the last our children be the heirs
Of life, not death; of liberty, not bars!
Inheritors not of smooth, ordered things,
But of hot struggle and strong hearts, and stars!
And questing spirits and fierce gales and wings!

Once more a dream is single lord of men!
Yea, we will go and we will close dear doors
Of hope, and many an airy denizen
Of the dear land of Maybe and the shores
Of the enchanted islands of Perchance,
We will face, hand in hand and eye in eye,
Too full of pain for any utterance
Save the last halting murmur, "So—good-by."
For we will part from other friends than those
Who wear this garment of dissolving flesh
And die for dreams. Yea, softly we will close
The gates of twilit gardens cool and fresh,
Where, with the great immortals amid flowers
And bright immortal birds and billowy trees,
We held high converse and forgot the hours,
Remembering Truth and Beauty. Even to these
Beloved ghosts we also speak farewell.

IV

We will arise and go, not ignorant
Wherefore or at what price we go to sell
This bundle of bright hopes we covenant
Unto a dream. Our price is a new world!
We will go forth and slay the dragon, yea,
With all the banners of the Dream unfurled
We will go forth with swords and songs to slay
This ravager of villages, this old,
Bewitched, confused, malignant coil of hate,
Belching green poisons! In his dungeon-hold
The captive queens in tears and hunger wait.
Immortal Dream! The fettered shall be free!
Yea, not these only! *All*, who fettered lie!
Oh, Dream, who wilt not let us bow the knee,
Let not this dragon's downfall satisfy
Our reawakened passion for free hands,
Free-ranging and unsaddled spirits, born
To race against the wind on wide sea-strands
And thunder up high glens! Oh, silver horn,
Calling us forth, help us remember, yea,
Even now help us remember, while the Snake
Sprawls yet unconquered on the world's highway

And hills and cities to his roaring shake,
Help us remember that the high crusade
Whereon we here embark calls forth the free
In hosts with spears and flaunting flags arrayed,
Not for one dragon's end, one victory,
One last great war, but to unending war
Without, within, till God's white torch, supreme,
Melt the last chain; and the last dungeon-door
Swing slowly wide to the triumphant dream!

God, who gavest men eyes
To see a dream;
God, who gavest men heart
To follow the Gleam;
God, who gavest men stars
To find heaven by;
God, who madest men glad
At need to die;
Lord, from the hills again
We hear thy drum!
God, who lovest free men,
God, who lovest free men,
God, who lovest free men,
Lead on! We come.

ITALY AND HER ALLIES

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

SOME months ago, soon after my arrival in Italy, it was my good fortune to meet one day a distinguished Allied diplomat (a man whose knowledge of things Italian is as profound as his sympathy for the people is warm) who chanced to have read two previous articles I had written in an endeavor to give some idea of the state of popular, rather than official, opinion in France and England regarding their allies in the war.

"You will find your task a good deal more difficult here than in France or England," he said; "yet there are fairly well developed veins of sentiment, and you can uncover them if you persist long enough. Unless you persist, however, unless you make something more than a mere traveler's canvass of the situation, any impressions you may set down are sure to be misleading, and may even be positively mischievous. Let me give you an example of what I mean on this score.

"If you were to ask a dozen Englishmen in Rome, Naples, or Florence, but especially in the former, how the British stood in the estimation of the Italians, I have no doubt that most of them would shake their heads and say anything from 'Not very well' to 'Jolly bad.' This feeling is the natural consequence of the limited contact that most of these people have had with the real Italians—the Italians, especially, who count in the war; and the traveler or writer who bases his conclusions on what these 'patchily' (if I may use that term) informed individuals tell him is more than likely to carry away and disseminate very distorted and, as I have said, even mischievous impressions.

"Now I happen to *know* that the feeling of the Italians who count—the Italians who brought their country into the war, and who may be depended upon to keep it there until the cause for which we are all fighting is finally victorious—far from being suspicious and jealous of or unfriendly to the peoples of the countries to whom their own is allied, regard us with a frank, if not always uncritical, confidence that has carried them safely through the web of intrigue that has enveloped them from the first. But unless you are willing to push your inquiries persistently and patiently enough to reach these real Italians—and they are not the ones whom the casual visitor to this country meets most frequently—you will be doing the Allies an injustice, a distinct disservice, if you write anything based on what you have gathered from the ones who do not count."

"And who are these Italians who count?" I asked.

"You will find them in all parties and in all classes of society," was the reply, "but the great majority of them are what

I might call the 'middle-class intellectuals.' They would roughly correspond to what you in America call the 'progressives,' using the term as descriptive of a class rather than a party. They are hardly the class that would be referred to in England or America as the 'backbone,' and yet the corresponding 'backbone' class in Italy has been greatly stiffened by the 'middle-class intellectuals.' These latter include the most progressive business, professional, and military men, with a leaven of writers and students. Those still in civil life you would not be likely to see much of save in the course of a long stay in Italy; but at the front, both as officers and in the ranks, you will find them in great numbers. They are in touch with the right sentiment in all parts of Italy, and after you have talked with a few of them you will be able to assess at its proper value the croaking behind the lines. You then need not hesitate longer in setting down your impressions of where Italy stands in the war, and what the Italians think of the people of their allies. But again, I beg of you, don't stop until you have penetrated the 'crust' of the croakers, for it is that which you will first encounter. It is what lies under that crust that will decide the day for Italy.

"But while it will be desirable to go under the upper crust," he continued, "you will hardly find it either profitable or practicable to delve far into the lower. In France and England you appear to have found the demonstrations of the crowds watching the war films at the cinemas fairly accurate barometers of the feeling of the lower classes toward their country's allies. In Italy this simple and convenient test will fail you, partly because war films are by no means so universally shown as in France and England, but principally because, strange as it may seem to those who, like most foreigners, have formed their impressions of the Italian from the migratory and mercurial Neapolitan, the people of this country are among the most undemonstrative in the world. Because they take all film dramas quite seriously, it is only natural that the comparative tameness of the real battle—so far as it is possible to film it—leaves them cold after the slap-dash, blood-and-thunder of a 'staged' combat. I have seen a crowd in one of the cheaper picture palaces sit, interested but unmoved, through a stirring film depicting the operations at Verdun without the ripple of a hand-clap. Yet a week later I have seen practically the same crowd shout itself hoarse when 'Maciste, Alpino,' threw his arch-enemy out of a second-story window with one sweep of a pair of coal-tongs and floored a half-dozen Austrians with the next.

"Nor are you likely to find it worth while to ask the occa-

sional *contadino* you may chance to meet what he thinks of the war or of his country's allies. He reads little, if at all, and is, naturally, prone to harbor all sorts of absurd beliefs, many of which are stimulative, however, and most of them are harmless, like that of the village near the front which was divided as to whether the khaki-clad young Britons driving Red Cross ambulances were Serbs or Austrian prisoners. His feeling that his country is playing an overwhelming part in winning the war is one that he shares with the peasants of most of the other belligerents. I am quite confident that the Italian *contadino* is entirely 'sound' in his feelings toward the war. While you find him displaying no especial sentiment one way or another as regards France, England, or Russia, the deep hatred of Austria which is the heritage of every peasant of northern and central Italy furnishes him ample incentive to fight and work for victory. The fact that the material condition of the great majority of the Italian lower classes is much better than before the war is, as in most other of the Allied countries, calculated to stiffen them in bearing such privations and deprivations as the bitter struggle does impose.

"I would suggest, then," he concluded, "that you avoid the lower crust as you disregard (for you cannot quite avoid) the upper. You may rest assured that the former will take care of itself, while the element in the latter which needs it will be taken care of. Confine yourself to the classes between the highest and the lowest. First and last, these are the ones that count."

The conversations, statements, and observations which follow are the grist of a four months' stay in Italy which is just drawing to a close as the spring campaign opens and that country girds itself anew for fighting, at the side of her allies, the decisive stage of the war. If they fail to convey the impression that her effort will be worthy of those allies, that all of Italy which counts is committed and steeled to a war to a victorious finish, the fault will be mine for not setting them down properly, for in my own mind there is no doubt on that score.

It was an American friend of long residence in Rome (I had complained to him of the "rumorous" and pessimistic atmosphere that prevails in certain circles of the capital into which the foreign visitor occasionally finds himself drawn) who endeavored to make plain to me the attitude of the Italian commonly spoken of as "anti-war" or "pro-German."

"The *tedescofil*," he said, "usually owes his sympathy for the enemy (though instances of those who really go that far are rare) or his opposition to the war to the fact that he has, or had, either financial, commercial, or marital bonds uniting him to Austria or Germany. In endeavoring to vindicate his attitude, however, he always takes higher ground. 'Prussia,' he will tell you, 'fighting against Austria as an ally of Italy in 1866, won back for the latter the province of Venezia in a war in which that country, on the strength of her by no means brilliant military and naval showing, could never have done so alone, even if defeat had been avoided.' He will also tell you that France was the traditional enemy of Italy in the past, and that England—unless broken in the present war—will become Italy's enemy in the future. Moreover, he will point out that Italy was bound by a solemn treaty of alliance to Austria and Germany, and that, even if she could not see her way to fight *with* the Central Powers, she should at least have refrained from fighting against them. Finally, he will tell you that Germany's military might, ranged with that of Austria, can crush Italy at will, and that this is just what will happen in the spring—provided, of course, that the latter country does not see the error of her ways and conclude a separate peace before it is too late.

"It is the *tedescofil*, muttering for the most part in his beard or dropping dark hints in *salons* or *cafés*, that is responsible for the flights of foolish rumors which wing their way in certain Italian circles in which talk takes the place of action to perplex the visitor to whose ears they chance to come. If his spirit was not as weak as his tongue is strong, if he were not as cowardly as he is voluble, the *tedescofil* might be a real menace. As it is, his vaporings only create mischief when they are taken seriously by visitors who have no chance to judge them for what they are worth, and who may pass them on to the world as characteristic of Italian sentiment."

Of all the four principal Allies, France is probably the only

one that has been fully trusted by the others from the first, the only one that has always enjoyed a full measure of confidence from the peoples of the nations who fought with her. There have been times when doubt and jealousy of Great Britain, Russia, and Italy were rife among the peoples of each of these respective country's allies, but never a moment when the most ardent German propagandist considered it worth his while to endeavor to sow the seeds of distrust as regards France. That England and Russia should have given France their confidence from the outset is not remarkable, but how many grievances, real and fancied, Italy, when her turn came to enter the war, had to forget before doing likewise I did not realize until an extremely keen Italian journalist with whom I spent several days at the front passed the last century of the relations between these two countries in hasty but illuminative review one evening.

"It is indeed a fact," he said, "that in the mind of the average Italian France had for a good many decades ranked as second only to Austria among this country's enemies. Not that there was ever anything approaching, as regards France, the practically universal execration felt for Austria, but rather that we had come to harbor many grudges, to feel that France had been just about everything betwixt and between a good enemy and a bad friend to us. Somehow our people were more inclined to recall the art treasures Napoleon had carried away than the great laws he had left behind him. It was against French troops that Garibaldi made his brave but futile defense of the Roman Republic, and it was French troops that kept the Popes in Rome and postponed the unification of Italy until France had been beaten by Prussia in 1870. Again, our people, and especially those of Piedmont, felt that Napoleon III drove a hard bargain in claiming both Savoy and Nice in 1859, after he had abandoned us in our attempt to redeem Lombardy and Venezia when only the former had fallen to our allied armies. France's seizure of Tunis was another hard blow. We felt, and still feel, that we should have had Tunis (whose European population was overwhelmingly Italian), and it was just this trouble which drove Italy into the arms of Austria and Germany, in the Triple Alliance, in 1881. Even as late as 1912, when we were compelled to seize French steamers carrying war supplies to the Turks (with whom we were then at war in Tripoli) we were at cross-purposes with France.

"Then came the outbreak of the present war. On the one side of us was France, with whom our relations had been more or less strained during the greater part of the preceding century; on the other side Austria, with whom we had been closely allied for over three decades. And yet, what happened? So sure was Italy's instinct for what the two opposing groups as represented by these two nations stood for, so entirely were we in accord with the ideals of the one and so complete was our abhorrence of all that the other was fighting to attain, that there was never for an instant a chance that we would take advantage of France's difficulties to even up our accounts of the past (however much we may have felt that the balance had inclined against us), never a chance that we would elect to fight the battles of Austria and Germany. Our participation on the side of the Entente then became only a matter of time, and from the moment we came in it has been the single-minded devotedness of France that we have set ourselves as an ideal to strive to attain. The best commentary on the completeness of our trust in France and the French is the fact that the *tedescofil* propagandists (who have, perhaps, been busier in Italy than in any other one of the Allied countries) have never deemed it worth the effort to endeavor to poison the Italian mind against the one of our allies which is the nearest to us both racially and geographically."

Of the part Italy's friendly attitude toward France played in the crucial first months of the war I learned something from an officer belonging to a visiting French military mission whom I met at the front.

"We were never absolutely sure," he said, "of the action Italy would take in the event of a war between France and Germany, but the very least we could do as a precautionary measure was to provide a strong force for the defense of our southeastern frontier in the event of an attack from that direction. Such a force we had ready; but when we found that Italy

was making no pretense of massing an army against us in Piedmont we hastened to rush the most of it to the western front, where it played an incalculably important part in turning the scale at the Marne. When it comes to be studied in the light of history, Italy's forbearance at this time may well be rated as one of the decisive factors in preventing a disaster from which France and her allies might well never have been able to recover."

This same French officer also bore enthusiastic testimony, not only to the warmth of the reception of his mission by the Italian army, but to the friendly demonstrations the appearance of the "horizon-blue" uniform had evoked from civilians as well. There is no shadow of doubt that France, by the sheer gallantry of her effort, has "made good" with the Italian people just as completely as she has with those of England and the neutral world.

The feelings of the Italians toward the English are less clearly defined than their feelings toward the French, and the question is a good deal more ramified and complicated. It is a truism that the peoples of two nations understand each other in direct ratio to the extent to which they meet and mingle. The same causes which operated to make the French slow to appreciate the effort of the English, and even at first to doubt the sincerity of their island ally, have also operated in Italy; and because the latter was farther away from Italy than from France—and because the English were not actually shedding their blood upon the soil of the one as they were upon that of the other—the Italians have, not unnaturally, been slower even than the French to fathom the ways of the "incomprehensible John Bull."

It is against England, too, that the principal force of German propaganda has been directed in all of the Allied countries. And it also chances (just why it is hard to say) that the most subtle form of intrigue—that of starting from countless recondite sources various and sundry rumors and hints and suggestions of dark import—has been the very one which the normally unsubtle Teuton should have conducted with the greatest *finesse*. Even to-day the few apparently inconsequential words dropped by an innocent-looking Swiss peddler will set the peasants of a French village debating among themselves as to whether, after all, England is not getting rich while France is bleeding white, if the war is really worth while, and if the best way would not be to make peace with the Germans, who, so some one has said, might even give back Alsace-Lorraine to "set right the whole terrible mistake."

It was largely sedulous sowings of this character that made the French so slow to awaken to a full understanding of the relentless purpose behind England's deliberate preparation; and when it is understood that the combating of this insidious "propaganda of suggestion" is one of the most troublesome problems confronting France even at this hour it may also be appreciated how pernicious the same sort of thing has been in Italy. When coal began to get scarce and expensive, the word was winged round that it was because "perfidious Albion" was "profiteering" on a product in which it had the practical monopoly; and when the balance of trade against Italy began to force up the English exchange it was, as it is still, suggested that the greedy English were taking advantage of a poorer ally's need to stock their already plethoric treasure vaults. Just as in France, the endeavor has been to make the people believe that England was growing rich while her allies were shedding their blood.

With coal—when it can be obtained at all for domestic purposes—selling for more than wheat and potatoes had cost in peace time, and with the English exchange over forty per cent above the normal, it is by no means surprising that this persistently pushed propaganda has had some effect in those parts of Italy in which the principles underlying international finance and the law of supply and demand are not included in the common school curriculum. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise that the cumulative effect of the high price of coal, the rise in the exchange, and the *tedesco* propaganda has not been greater than it really is. The philosophical manner in which the bulk of the Italian population has accepted and made the best of a trying situation speaks volumes for its common sense and soundness of instinct.

Among the progressive Italians—the class which had been

described to me as the "one that counts in the war"—I found a surprisingly sympathetic understanding of England's problems as regards Italy, and a keen appreciation of the difficulties involved in their solution. A prominent manufacturer of Genoa with whom I talked recently summed up the situation very succinctly. "England," he said, "was the traditional friend of Italy—the only one my country has ever had—and both our political and commercial relations with her have been marked by an unbroken record of square-dealing and the good will incident to square-dealing. As a consequence, confidence in England is so deeply planted in the general run of the Italian people that it is able now to put up with a situation it does not entirely understand. We business men who have dealt with England more than ever since the war do understand; so do our Government, our army, and most of our educated classes. The rest—save for certain voluble but almost negligible disaffected elements—would, because confidence in England was a legacy from their fathers and grandfathers, put up with more than they are likely to be called upon to put up with without that confidence being seriously shaken."

Just as the inauguration of the Somme offensive marked the beginning of an era of deeper appreciation of England in France, so has the inauguration of the ruthless submarine war marked the beginning of a new understanding of England in Italy. Lloyd George's remarkable speech on the restriction of imports brought home to Italy as nothing had yet done the depths of sacrifice which England was prepared to make to win the war.

"What England was ready to give up to keep on fighting, and to make it possible for her allies to keep on fighting," an Italian official of not especially progressive tendencies said to me a few days ago, "made me understand for the first time the comparative pettiness of our worries over coal and the exchange. That was the reason you have heard so little protest over our losses which must certainly follow the cutting off of several hitherto profitable lines of export to the British Isles. The greatness of England's spirit as it is now being revealed has furnished a timely lesson for the Italian people to take to heart, and it is deeply gratifying that we really seem to be doing it."

It would not do in writing of Anglo-Italian relations to overlook the fine impression that has been made upon both civil and military Italy by the work of the British Red Cross mission at the front and its various auxiliary services carried on by British workers in all parts of the country. This mission, working under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Monson, operates three ambulance and two X-ray units, as well as a British-staffed hospital of one hundred and ten beds. The ambulance units have carried the sick and wounded of ten different army corps, and the splendid work of the drivers has won them a place in the affection of the Italian soldier comparable to that held by the men of the American Ambulance in the heart of the French *poilu*. Much kindly feeling has also been awakened among Italians generally by the work of the five hundred or more British ladies who have devoted their time to the making of comforts for the hospitals, running *posti di ristoro*, or refreshment rooms, for wounded soldiers at the railway stations, and much other practical effort.

It is not easy to gather much that is definite regarding the popular feeling in Italy towards Russia. There is little love in the country for the Slav, on general principles, and there was even a certain degree of anxiety in the decade previous to the war as to whether or not Russia's Pan-Slavic ambitions might prove a menace to Italian interests in the Balkans. A certain degree of anxiety still exists on this score, although it is hoped that Russia will be willing to have Serbia compensated out of Bulgaria rather than from territory on the Adriatic.

Italians freely acknowledge their debt to Russia for the relief afforded their hard-pressed armies on the Trentino by last summer's great Galician drive. Much of the good effect of this event in promoting international amity, however, was lost as a consequence of the way in which French and British critics hastened to give General Brusiloff the credit for "delivering" Italy from a deadly peril. As a matter of fact, the Austrian offensive was completely halted before that of Brusiloff was launched, and, while the latter may well have prevented the enemy from resuming his attack upon the Trentino, they feel that they should

at least have been given the credit for effecting a certain amount of the "delivering" by their own efforts. Later and well-considered French and British military criticism has, indeed, done the Italian army tardy justice on this score; but even to-day one is skating on thin ice if, in talking with an Italian officer, he advances anything remotely hinting at the "Russian deliverance" theory.

There is no suggestion of anything approaching an anti-Russian feeling in Italy, and one even hears many expressions of admiration of and confidence in the great northern ally. It is rather that the liberal-minded Italian has not been sufficiently stirred by either Russia's triumphs or disasters to take her "on

trust" to the degree that the average Frenchman and Briton has. None will be happier than he to see Russia do all that she has promised; but he is not going to give her his full confidence until, as an Italian writer expressed it to me, "we have evidence that the heart of the Great White Bear is the same color as his fur."

"We Italians," said the same writer, "feel that our 'instinct' for the eastern European is a trifle surer than that of France and England. If you don't believe it, look at Greece. But don't let any one believe that Italy will be a less ready ally because her people are inclined to adopt something of a 'wait and see' attitude as regards Russia."

MY GRANDMOTHER'S KEY BASKET¹

BY DAVID C. BARROW

I HAVE called this effort "My Grandmother's Key Basket" because so many memories seem to hang around the key basket. It is an emblem of my memories. Like the totem of the Indians, it was significant of many things. If I were asked to name an appropriate coat of arms for the ladies who made the old South (the land from which I came) what it was—and it was a great country—I would say, make it a key basket, gold on a blue field, with an open hand above.

It has seemed to me that a misconception has gone out regarding the ladies of the old South, and, being, as I trust, of sound mind and memory, I take this occasion to tell what I know. They were not content—

"To sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam
And feed on strawberries, sugar, and cream."

When my grandmother arose in the morning, it was not to see the sun rise, but it was to meet all the requirements of a varied and busy day. She had a number of house servants and they had been trained in domestic arts, but she carried her own keys, and she saw to it that each one was busy with appointed duties. She has quoted to me often a saying of my grandfather, "One of my eyes is worth both of my hands." I can say with exact truthfulness that I have no recollection of having heard her speak in a loud voice to a servant or to any one else.

Of course the first duty of the day was to see that breakfast was prepared. I remember the care and exactness she used in "giving out breakfast." There was, as one would expect, bountiful provision for the large family; but there was care exercised all the time. Her key basket meant something in this matter. She had good cooks, but she had taught them to cook. She had good seamstresses. I remember that one of the seamstresses told me, some years after she had been freed, and when I was a half-grown boy, that at my grandfather's death she, then a girl, had been appraised at \$1,500 on account of her skill with the needle. This seamstress was born and reared on the place, and whatsoever skill she had, and she was skillful, she had learned on the plantation.

All during the day there was work of various kinds going on. There were the weavers, whose business it was to weave cloth. I do not know how many of the women had weaving for a regular work, but I remember perfectly that Aunt Clarissa, "An' Classy," spent most of her time in weaving. You know how things stick in your memory, and this old woman's songs, and the way she kept time with her shuttle as she sang, are clear in my memory.

"My mother got religion
While she was young,
While she was young.
My mother got religion
While she was young.
You had better be a-praying
'Stid of waiting any longer.
My mother got religion
While she was young."

Then her father got religion, and her sister, and brother, etc.

¹ From an address delivered on graduation day, 1916, at Agnes Scott College (Decatur), by David C. Barrow, Chancellor University of Georgia.

Another of "An' Classy's" songs was "Climbing Jacob's Ladder." That's a good weaving song, too. I remember "An' Classy" because she was Bob's adopted mother and Bob belonged to me, the only Negro I ever owned. It came about this way.

A Negro trader came along, and among others he had a small boy named Bob, who was an orphan. Bob was about my age, maybe a year older. My father bought him, I suspect, out of pity, and gave him to me. He also gave him to "An' Classy," who was a childless woman. I believe Bob was given to me and "An' Classy" in order that he might be cared for—I don't think that my brother Ben, next older, or my brother Henry, next younger, ever owned a Negro. They were both more interested in books and such things than I.

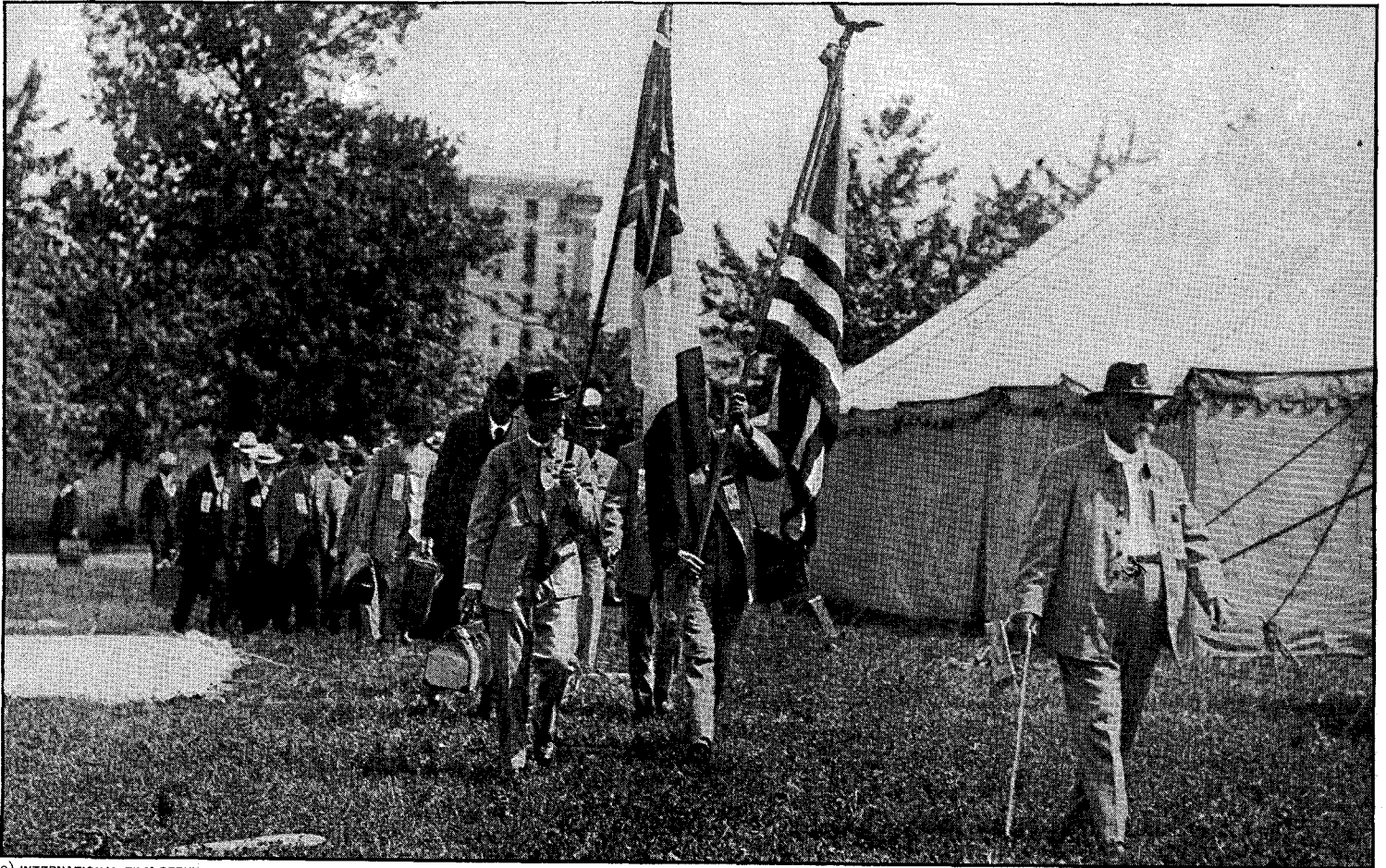
Bob was made the cow boy, and I was permitted to go with him after the cows. On a big plantation sometimes the cows were taken to one pasture, and sometimes to another. We used to get granddaddy-long-legs to find the cows for us. You know, a granddaddy-long-legs will point one of his longest legs in the direction of the lost cows. I remember well one afternoon when we had some trouble in finding the cows and were nearly a mile from the lot when we found them. A heavy cloud had come up and a rain, and we broke rules by running the cows. Of course we got soaked. We had to cross a creek, and we went right on through it, both of us, Bob and I, as miserable as you can imagine, and crying, fairly bawling at the top of our lungs. It never occurred to either of us to desert the cows and seek shelter. We had gone for the cows, and we got and brought the cows.

One of my grandmother's daily cares was to see that the little children of the Negroes were looked after. Often their parents were either too ignorant or too indifferent to give proper care, and then, besides, the parents would be busy in the fields. I am not quite sure in my memory of the caretaker; it was either An' Long Lize or An' Black Lize. Both of these aged women are distinct memories, and pleasant memories. Perhaps both of them shared in this care. A note on plantation nomenclature may be interesting. I recall Black Peter, Yellow Peter, Big Peter; also Unk Lewis, Little Lewis, Boner Lewis, Butcher Lewis, Unk Lewis's Lewis.

The small children were called up and given their food. Most of them were supervised by the caretaker while eating; but I recall distinctly seeing certain children getting their meals and carrying them off to their homes. I presume they were children of the more careful parents. What I remember most distinctly is the way these little darkies were called up. The rallying cry was, "All eat, all eat," pronounced "leat all, leat all." I presume that on the other plantations the same programme was followed. My grandmother could very well have left this to some one else, and, indeed, others were in direct charge, but she knew that it was carried out whether she was bodily present or not. I suppose it was primarily the duty of the overseer, or his wife, to look after this detail, but the owner of the key basket knew all that went on within the curtilage.

She was very much interested in her garden. She would have a chair brought out and sit in the garden and watch the planting. I remember particularly the planting of the Irish potatoes, because I was allowed to take part in this. She would have a

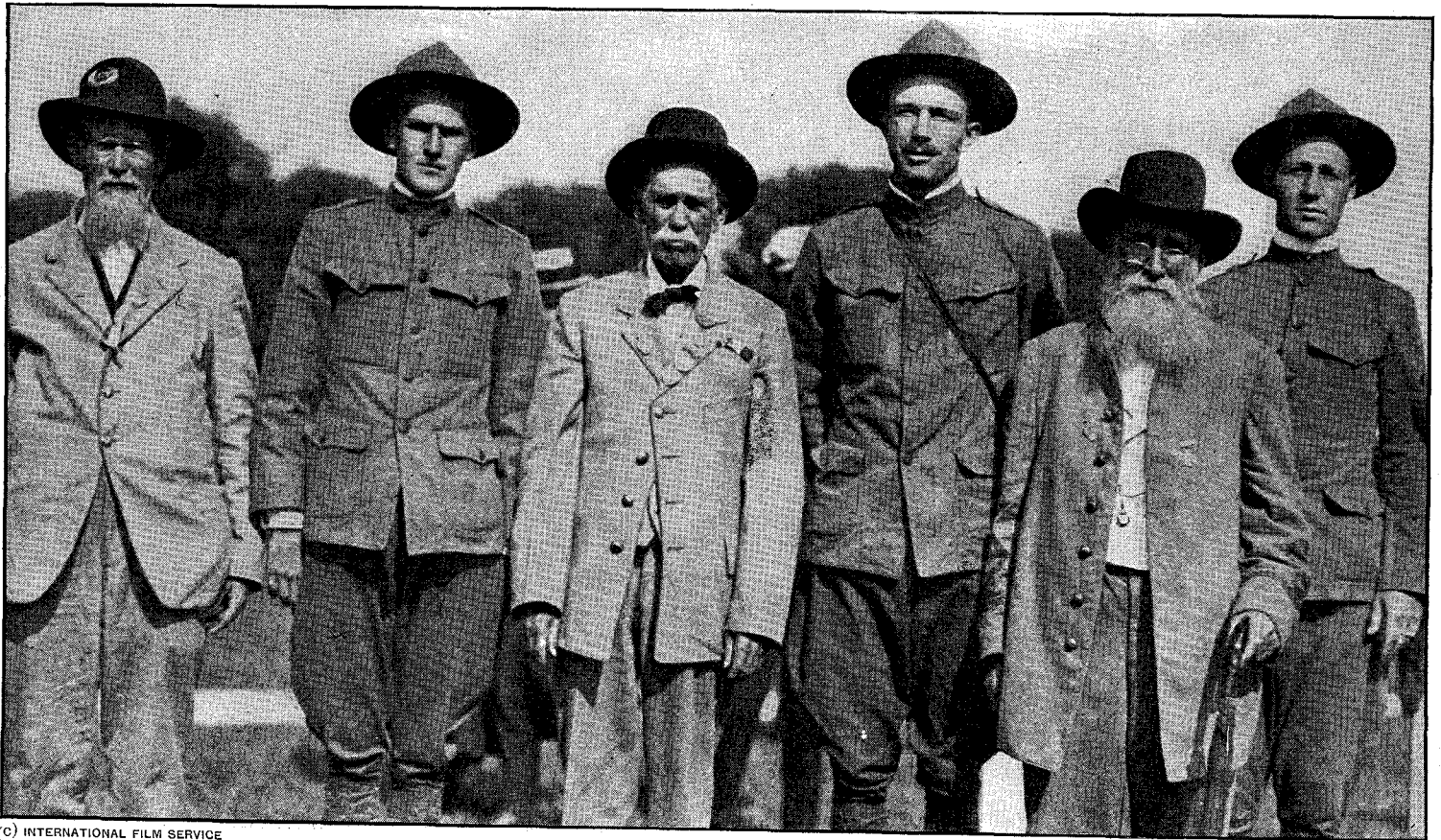
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE MARCH INTO WASHINGTON

The Confederate veterans, marching through the streets of Washington on their way to the camp of the Confederate Reunion, carried the "Stars and Bars" of the Confederacy side by side with the Stars and Stripes. The Washington which they vainly tried to capture over fifty years ago gave them a hearty welcome, and the Nation recognizes in them proof of the patriotism and courage of the whole country, now firmly united in the common purpose of saving the world's civilization



(C) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE OLD SOUTH AND THE NEW SOUTH

In this group picture, taken at the National Cemetery at Arlington, the old Southern spirit and the new National spirit are typified by these veteran Confederates from South Carolina, Louisiana, and Georgia and the young soldiers from the Reserve Officers' Training Camp who are with them

THE CONFEDERATES' REUNION IN WASHINGTON



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FOOTBALL CAPTAINS IN THE COUNTRY'S SERVICE

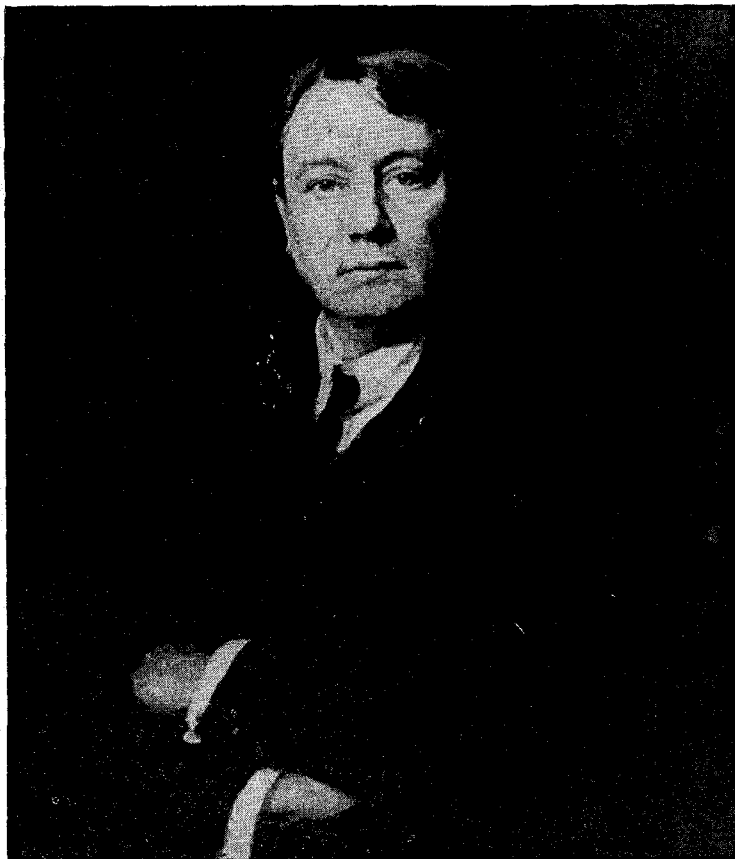
Three American university football captains, all famous in the annals of intercollegiate sport, are now members of the Naval Reserve, and stationed at Newport. With them stands a graduate of Oxford, England. Left to right in the picture they are: Ensign Alexander Ferguson, Oxford, 1914; C. R. Black, captain of the Yale 1916 eleven; F. T. Hogg, captain of the Princeton 1916 eleven; and Charles Barrett, captain of the Cornell 1915 eleven



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SAVING VICTIMS OF SUBMARINE CRUELTY

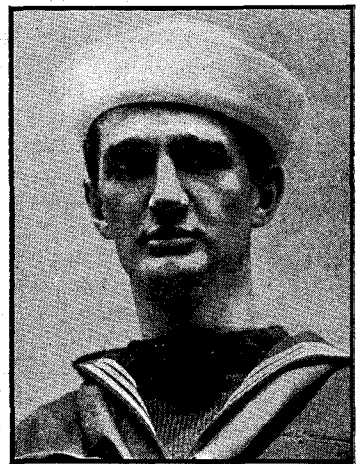
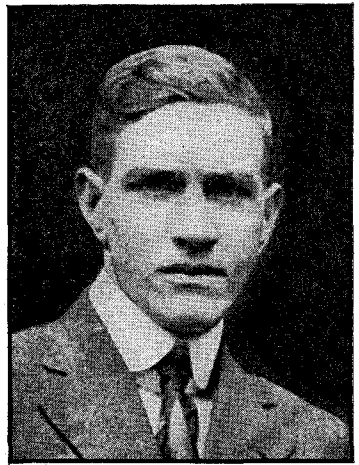
These non-combatant and unoffending passengers were aboard the French liner Sontay when she was sunk some time ago in the Mediterranean by a German submarine. They were rescued by a French gunboat's crew, and are here seen mounting the sides of the rescuing ship



PHOTOGRAPH FROM UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

LORD NORTHCLIFFE IN AMERICA

The visit of Lord Northcliffe to America as the head of the British War Mission is chiefly to aid in the co-ordination of existing British commercial and economic agencies. The announcement in American papers that he is to succeed Mr. Balfour as the head of the British Mission is misleading, as Lord Northcliffe is not charged with any diplomatic function. See editorial comment



PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

SONS OF CABINET MEMBERS IN MILITARY AND NAVAL SERVICE

It is a remarkable fact that six members of President Wilson's Cabinet have sons enrolled for military or naval service. Not one of them has asked or received special favor or advancement. All are working as private soldiers or seamen, or in training corps, precisely as any applicant for enrollment for training is doing. From left to right (first row) the young men are: Humphrey Redfield, enrolled in the Naval Reserve as a member of the "mosquito fleet;" W. B. Wilson, Jr., a private in the United States Field Artillery; David F. Houston, Jr., enlisted as a common seaman in the Training Station at Newport, Rhode Island; James H. Wilson, in Troop A, National Guard of the District of Columbia. Second row, Joseph Black Wilson, in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps at Fort Myer, Virginia; F. K. Lane, Jr., will receive his diploma with the next class at the Army Aviation School, Newport News, Virginia; Josephus Daniels, Jr., a private in the United States Marine Corps; William G. McAdoo, Jr., enlisted as a common seaman. It will be noted that Secretary Wilson has three sons in the National service.



(C) AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

REGISTRATION DAY IN NEW YORK CITY

An unusual scene during the registration of June 5 in New York is here presented. Chinese residents of the East Side are obeying the law by registering. In this case the officials are school-teachers and the registry office is a public school. A Chinese member of the Home Reserve Guard is present in full uniform.

small stick cut the length of the space between the pieces of potato. I was given a basket and told to place a piece of potato at the end of my stick measures. It may have been a waste of time to have a small boy, quite a small boy, laboriously planting and planting, "being sure the eye is up," but I imagine she wished me to learn care, and I am quite sure I learned it.

We always had a great deal of fruit. I suppose there were short fruit years, but I do not remember any shortage in fruit. We had great stores of preserves, particularly pear and quince preserves. I think preserved quinces are the best of all preserves, and blackberry jam comes next. To the matter of making preserves she gave special attention, and her pantry shelves were stacked with gallons of preserves. We used also to dry a lot of peaches.

One of my most vivid recollections is of the cider-making. We were allowed cider to drink in moderation; even then sometimes painful consequences followed; but it was a great time. Grandma always had plenty of vinegar of her own making. I know just where the press stood; and near it the large trough, "dug" from a tree of the woods, in which the apples were beaten before being pressed. Crude, you say; well, it didn't cost anything. It was economical! I remember the cider-beating song:

"Chicker de bum, cider come;
Massa give poor nigger some!"

over and over again. I also remember the churning song:

"Come butter come, come butter come,
Massa's in the parlor waiting for the buttermilk,
Come butter come."

How much of the work of the Negroes is associated in my mind with their songs! I wonder if they were so very unhappy. I would not say that my memory of them pictures unhappiness—on the contrary.

I wish to call attention to the well-worn theme of the faithfulness of the Negroes during the war, and indeed after the war, for a period. We all realize this and feel glad that this was true. The singing Negroes of the old plantation showed their gratitude in trying times. That we had no such uprisings as occurred in other countries must have had some reason behind it. I am naturally inclined to think that the plantation life in our country made a different and better man of the African than the treatment he received elsewhere made of him. Professor Gildersleeve has a paragraph so in accord with my thought that I will quote it, even though it should make my own words sound more commonplace:

"As the war went on, and the abolitionist saw 'the glory of the Lord' revealed in a way he had never hoped for, he saw at the time, or rather ought to have seen, that the order he had lived to destroy could not have been a system of hellish wrong and fiendish cruelty; else the prophetic vision of the liberators would have been fulfilled, and the horrors of San Domingo would have polluted this fair land. For the Negro race does not deserve undivided praise for its conduct during the war. Let some small part of the credit be given to the masters, not all to the finer qualities of their 'brothers in black.' The school in which the training was given is closed, and who wishes to open it? Its methods were old-fashioned and sadly behind the times, but the old schoolmasters turned out scholars who, in certain branches of moral philosophy, were not inferior to the graduates of the new university."

Thank you, Professor Gildersleeve, scholar and gentleman, for this statement, and for printing it in the "Atlantic Monthly" long ago. But I am not to be led off into the discussion of a by-product. My purpose to-day is to read you a rumination over my reminiscences as related to a key basket which my grandmother used.

I recall one thing my grandmother did with her own hands—cutting out garments for the Negroes. I have seen her do this herself, days at a time. The older children would sometimes remark on the outcome, but the fit suited the darkies. (As bearing on cloth, many of the sheep on the place were black sheep. This was a method of providing for the dye question.) I never knew why she did this cutting out, because, as I have said, she had skillful seamstresses. "Ole Miss' shears" are in existence somewhere now. The last time I saw them a large part of the blades had been worn off in sharpening them.

She was always knitting when she was not busy otherwise. She would sometimes walk around with her knitting in her hand. I never wore any bought socks until after her death. She died long after I was grown. I have never found any one who could knit such socks, and no machine could touch them.

I have gone thus far into the things my grandmother did. I think it not inappropriate to make a short note of the things she did not do. She took no hand in the matters beyond the house and yard. In the main business of planting and growing crops I do not recall that she ever in any way interfered. It was her work to attend to the home, and this she did. I think this division of duties was carried out with as much exactness as was possible. I have thought steadily, and no case comes to memory when even in my father's absence she gave direction to the overseer or to the bodies of hands. To use a homely phrase which I like, she did not meddle with the men's work, but attended to her own. I expect there were wasters among the women of the old South, and I have no doubt there were meddlers in the affairs which seemed more naturally masculine, but I believe my grandmother was near the characteristic type.

My grandmother's life was wrapped up in us, her child's children. These other things were of value to her only because she hoped they might be of benefit to us. How much I learned from her I would find it hard to say. She taught us that it was a sin to waste. "Don't throw your crumbs in the fire; throw them out of doors, where the birds and chickens can get them." I wonder why I remember this. I was a hearty little boy, and to this day I am crumby, and I suppose this is the reason I had this particular admonition impressed on me, but I know she was opposed to waste. One result was that she always had something to give. I really have never known any one who took so much pleasure in making gifts to people, and who always had something so appropriate to give. I have come to believe that these things go together—that is, people who are careful because it is a sin to waste are always having something to give and always giving. It is so entirely different from selfishness that selfish people can hardly understand it.

I was given some daily task to do. She thought that responsibility for a portion of work was good for a child. I remember sweeping yards, for one thing. I had my little broom of tough brush, usually dogwood, and my portion of the yard to sweep. I seem to remember rather wondering why I should do this with a plantation full of little Negroes.

I was constantly warned against losing things or throwing them away. I was welcome to give, but not to lose. I remember that I was particularly unfortunate with pocket-knives. An effort was made to help this by having the plantation blacksmith bore a hole through the handle of the knife and run a string through and hang the knife around my neck. One day I was hunting rabbits and took the string in my hand and commenced to whirl the knife around as I was walking through the broom sage—the string broke and I never did find that knife. I went without a knife for a good while. Grandma believed in the doctrine of consequence. She encouraged me to have some small business of my own. I recall a cotton patch. I also recall ventures in chickens.

It was borne in on me by precept and example not to buy anything which I could make for myself.

She was so careful of our health. We were never permitted to go barefooted until the chinaberries bloomed. That's a pretty good rule, too. Any one interested may use it. I remember the fly-trap we had on the plantation. It was a cylindrical affair, running by clockwork—the flies lighted on the slowly revolving cylinder, and were caught in a box below. It was a success. This was fifty-five years ago.

Persistence was with her a cardinal virtue. I was taught to try and keep on trying. She would illustrate in simple ways the value of keeping on trying. I do not remember that she was ever severe on failure; it was the recompense of success which she held up to us.

She taught us proper pride, independence, and self-respect. I think nothing short of sin would have hurt her more in one of us, her grandchildren, than to feel that we would be dependent on any one. She did not have much patience with a "sponge," though she would not have used that word.

She was anxious to have us good. Especially did she grieve

over untruthfulness. If any punishment was given for any act of wrong-doing, it was always enforced in sorrow, and even as little children we knew that to tell the truth gave her gratification, even if the punishment was inflicted. I call it punishment, but even the switchings she gave us were more in the nature of a moral than a corporeal correction. She always peeled her peach-tree switch for fear that the buds on the bark would bruise us.

My grandmother was very strict about the observance of the Sabbath. Of course little out-of-doors boys, taught to rely on their own resources, largely isolated, became hunters and trappers. Every Saturday afternoon we were sent out to throw our

traps in order that we might not carry on this pursuit, if the word pursuit may be used about traps, on Sunday.

In this rather drawn-out and detailed account set down from memory I hope I have not seemed trivial. There was nothing further from the women of that country from which I came. God, home, children, independence, service, are not trivial things. I do not deny that there were wasters and spenders, but waste and spending were not the characteristics of the women who made the country. Casual observers note the butterfly that flits above the flower and fail to note the honey-bee that is on that same flower.

A NEW LIFE OF THOREAU¹

HENRY D. THOREAU died in 1862, comparatively unknown and little read. Since his death his fame has steadily grown, until now almost every page of his voluminous manuscripts, making perhaps twenty-five printed volumes, has been searched out and published, his haunts near Concord and in many other places have been minutely traced and pictured in hundreds of sketches and photographs, and selections from his books have been made part of the courses of instruction in secondary schools and colleges in the United States. No inconsiderable part of the present fame of Concord in literature comes from Thoreau. It is altogether fitting, therefore, that the final work of the last of the famous group of "Concord philosophers," Frank B. Sanborn, should be devoted to advancing our knowledge of the characteristics of this remarkable personality. As a sentient being Thoreau has long been only a memory; and it seems astonishing indeed that one of our contemporaries should for years have been his intimate friend. For Sanborn died only a few months ago, while the present work was in the press. His acquaintance with Thoreau dates back to the '50's; and it was one that made a lasting impression on him, which is reproduced for us with vivid fidelity. The book is full of illuminating passages regarding this intimacy, and they throw not a little light also on the life of that most interesting community of which the two men were a part. Thoreau's background was one that must have been, from boyhood, a rare inspiration to him. Concord folk were original thinkers, good talkers, and good listeners. In evidence, read this extract referring to an early essay of Thoreau's on "Conversation:"

In writing about Conversation Thoreau was dealing with a familiar subject, with which he was every day at home brought face to face. Mrs. Thoreau, his mother, was, next to Madam Hoar, the mother of the Judge and the Senator, the most talkative person in Concord in my time—a very good talker too, if there was time to listen. Thoreau always found time. Often have I sat at the family dinner table engaged in talk with the son, as we sat on opposite sides of the board, facing each other, with the silent father between us at the head of the table, which, as the room was furnished, was the east end. Mrs. Thoreau, who helped to the puddings at the west end, catching some word in our conversation which interested her, would take up that theme and go on with it; often relating things to the credit of her son or other members of her family. Henry would sit silent and attentive, during the long interruption; then, as the last period closed, he would bow slightly to his mother, and resume our dialogue exactly where it had been stayed.

The admirer of Thoreau will find a wealth of information in this book about his ancestors, his boyhood and college days, and his social environment. Thoreau, says his biographer, had various missions in the world, some of which he fulfilled. Among others, that of writing most excellent prose. This he had as a natural gift. If ever the boy was father to the man, this was so in Thoreau's case. In the following essay, written at about the age of ten, the "poet-naturalist" expresses himself in the language of a born stylist:

THE SEASONS

Why do the seasons change? and why
Does Winter's stormy brow appear?
Is it the word of Him on high
Who rules the changing, varied year?

There are four Seasons in a year, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. I will begin with Spring. Now we see the ice beginning to thaw, and the trees to bud. Now the winter wears away, and the ground begins to look green with the new-born grass. The birds, which have lately been to more southern countries, return again to cheer us with their morning song.

Next comes Summer. Now we see a beautiful sight. The trees and flowers are in bloom. Now is the pleasantest part of the year. Now the fruit begins to form on the trees, and all things look beautiful.

In Autumn we see the trees loaded with fruit. Now the farmers begin to lay in their Winter's store, and the markets abound with fruit. The trees are partly stripped of their leaves. The birds which visited us in Spring are now returning to warmer countries, as they know that Winter is coming.

Next comes Winter. Now we see the ground covered with snow, and the trees are bare. The cold is so intense that the rivers and brooks are frozen.

There is nothing to be seen. We have no birds to cheer us with their morning song. We hear only the sound of the sleigh bells.

Thoreau as a young man was, it appears, in his intercourse with his neighbors, somewhat "difficult." One of the clever women who lived in Concord, Elizabeth Hoar, expressed this peculiarity with rare subtilty when she said, "I love Henry, but I can never like him!" Emerson also expressed the thought in a conversation with Charles Malloy:

"He is a man of incorruptible integrity, and of great ability and industry; and we shall yet hear much more of him. But he affects manners rather brusque, does not think it worth while to use the cheap service of courtesy; is pugnacious about trifles; likes to contradict, likes to say No, and to be on the other side. You cannot always tell what will please him. . . . I regret these oddities. He needs to fall in love, to sweeten him and straighten him."

"A pleasant medicine, I thought," reflected Malloy, "but it does not always cure."

Nevertheless, says Mr. Sanborn, Thoreau was at heart profoundly unselfish and courteous—as, indeed, his attitude toward his mother in the first extract above printed indicates.

"My purpose in this volume," Mr. Sanborn says in his concluding chapter, entitled "Death and Rebirth," "has been to show how Thoreau co-operated in his own posthumous fame; how he built himself up in literature from boyhood, and that without becoming a pedant, or trying to form a school, or even a class. Along with this conception of him may go likewise what I personally feel, that there was a religious and a moral element in his nature which awaits the future for its full development. . . . And the final issue of that voyage cannot better be summed up than in the words spoken by Emerson over his coffin: 'His soul was made for the noblest society; he had in a short life exhausted the capabilities of this world; wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home.'"

Mr. Sanborn's posthumous contribution to the world's knowledge of his friend will probably furnish his own surest claim to remembrance in the future. It will certainly be indispensable to the student and lover of the rarely individual man of genius whom it seeks to portray.

¹ A Life of Henry David Thoreau; Including Many Essays Hitherto Unpublished, and Some Account of the Family and Friends. By F. B. Sanborn. With Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$4.

WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of June 13, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Registration Day; Rights of Objectors.

Reference: Pages 243, 244.

Questions:

1. Discuss The Outlook's statement: "The conduct of the Nation on Registration Day was a credit to its citizenship."
2. How explain the fact that there was no demonstration of organized effort against military registration? 3. What is and will be the significance of the enrollment of 10,000,000 young men for military service? Tell how you think the result of Registration Day will impress Berlin? Japan? South America? Russia? Great Britain and France? 4. Discuss the war mood of America in the light of Registration Day. Compare with the war mood in America in 1898. What conclusions do you reach? 5. Discuss the cause to which Young America consecrated itself on June 5, 1917. 6. Name and discuss eight things America has done for Young America, which responded so nobly and liberally. 7. Compare the function of the Tories in 1776 and the copperheads of 1861 with the function of the pacifists and slackers of 1917. What conclusions do you reach? 8. Comment on: "The time will come when the whole Nation will gratefully remember this day (June 5, 1917) and will wonder at its long postponement in American history."

B. Topic: Americanism and Socialism.

Reference: Pages 245, 246.

Questions:

1. It is the duty of every American, voter or not, to make of this topic the basis of a careful study of Socialism. How many reasons can you give for this statement? 2. What is Socialism? What are its aims? What is its ultimate ideal? What is Socialism not? Distinguish between Socialism and paternalism, Socialism and co-operation, Socialism and communism, Socialism and anarchism. 3. Discuss the following objections to Socialism: (a) it never would work because of the selfishness and the ignorance of men who constitute society; (b) it is undesirable because it would repress freedom and hinder self-development; (c) it is anti-biological because it is against the law of the survival of the fittest and against the principle of competition; (d) it is too Utopian, too sentimental, too impractical. 4. Explain the attitude of Socialists toward law, the entrance of America into this war, conscription, Germany, Great Britain, a separate peace for America. 5. Would America be better off if Socialists could get their way in reference to this

war? *Think this question through.* 6. Comment on: "The Socialists do not represent America in any sense." 7. Is the Socialist party anti-American? Give evidence of what you say. 8. Discuss the extent to which Socialism is figuring in current history in America, in Russia, and in Germany. 9. Restate and discuss what Mr. John Spargo says (page 245) about the Socialist party. 10. Do you agree with The Outlook in the opinion that Mr. Spargo's action is likely to win new respect for Socialism? 11. In preparing your answers on this topic consult, besides The Outlook, the following books: "A Handbook of Socialism," by Bliss; "History of Socialism," by Kirkup; "History of Socialism in the United States," by Hillquit; "Socialism Rejected," by Samuelson; "The Menace of Socialism," by Wilson.

C. Topic: National Prohibition in War Time.

Reference: Editorial, page 251.

Questions:

1. Should personal interests and personal liberties be modified during war time? Give several reasons in answering. 2. Is this the time to discuss the food value in liquor? 3. What are the measures which The Outlook points out can be enacted by Congress under the Constitution? What measures do you think it expedient for our Government to enact as to prohibition during this war.

D. Topic: Preparing a Nation for War; and The Need of Food Thrift.

Reference: Pages 254-256.

Questions:

1. Tell what the Advisory Board of the Council of National Defense has done and is doing. What kind of men constitute it? 2. What is your opinion of a special small war council for America after the British model? 3. Explain at length why "all these plans, however, depend on one thing—ships." (Page 255.) 4. Is the statement, "Americans yearly waste enough food in their kitchens to feed the entire British army in Europe," an exaggerated one? (Page 255.) 5. By what different means can American waste be stopped? Upon whom rests the responsibility? Just how?

II—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

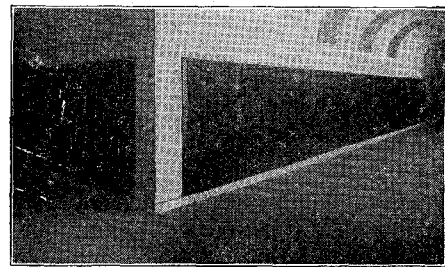
1. June 5, 1917, is the complement of July 4, 1776. 2. The world will not again deal with the Hohenzollerns. 3. Democracy was not born to die.

III—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for June 13, 1917. After looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning in your own words.)

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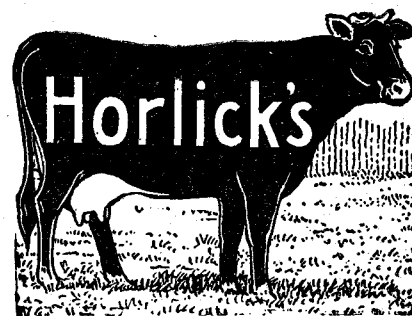
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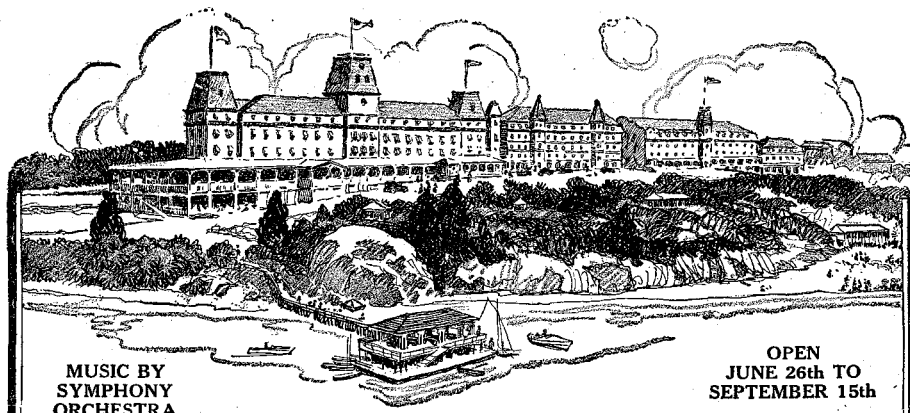
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THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Derelict (The). By Phyllis Bottome. The Century Company, New York. \$1.35.

Short stories by the author of "The Dark Tower." With one or two exceptions they have grim and tragic plot-ideas, but the author has a sense of humor and her art is of the finest. "The Liqueur Glass," for instance, might have been written by Edmond de Goncourt.

Enchantment. By E. Temple Thurston. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

Not one of Mr. Thurston's best stories. The literary cloak of pseudo-fairy lore is not gracefully worn, and there are incidents too disagreeable to make one care whether they are well or ill told.

His Family. By Ernest Poole. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

A novel of admirable poise and of quiet but deep-lying social import. Mr. Poole's second novel is a worthy successor to "The Harbor." An elderly man's three daughters seem, each in her own way, totally uninfluenced by his wistful, ineffective desire to carry out his dead wife's hope that he should "live on in our children's lives." One of the daughters is dead to every interest in the world but that of her own children; one is wild with passion and social excitement; the other is so deeply concerned in acting as "mother" to the hundreds of school-children she teaches, and so stirred by social injustice, that she can hardly bring herself to be a wife and a real mother. Yet as the old man draws near his end he feels that they and he have unconsciously been one as a family, that nothing is so close as the family bond, that the family, with its inherited impulses and both in its holding together and its drawing apart, is the center of human effort and growth. "For this," he says, "is the power of families; this is the mystery of birth." The depiction of character is both delicate and strong, and the theme is developed with precision and unity.

Stranded in Arcady. By Francis Lynde. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.35.

A young man and a girl awake from the effect of a drug to find themselves on the strand of what turns out to be a Canadian lake hundreds of miles from civilization. They have never laid eyes on one another before. How did they get there? How do they get out? What is the motive behind the mystery? The answers make the story, and it is so well told that one is willing to forget mere improbability.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS
Mediation, Investigation, and Arbitration in Industrial Disputes. By George E. Barnett and David A. McCabe. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

League to Enforce Peace (A). By Robert Goldsmith. With a Special Introduction by President A. Lawrence Lowell. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

An excellent interpretation of the purpose and principles of the League to Enforce Peace. It is in three parts: the first analyzing the forces which have failed to prevent war; the second explaining the plan proposed for the prevention of war; the third a critique on militarism, which declares that war is desirable and inevitable. We commend this book to readers who are desirous of giving an intelligent consideration to the question, What other method

The New Books (Continued)

than war is possible for securing justice between the nations?

State Socialism Pro and Con. Edited by William English Walling and Harry W. Laidler. With a Chapter on Municipal Socialism by Evans Clark. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.

Not a debate, as the title might seem to imply, but a collection of data which might be used on either side of the question, and which the editors evidently believe indicate the growth of governmental industry. This is primarily a source book.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Heart of the Balkans (The). By Demetra Yaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown). Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$1.50.

The author of this volume is a Greek. Her conclusions, expressed in vivid phrase, not only as to Greece, but also as to the other Balkan countries through which she journeyed, have a certain appealing aroma of the soil, emphasized by many transcripts in direct discourse of talks with the natives. As to Greece, she does not let us escape with the conviction, gained from the accounts of some foreign observers, that a sublime faith no longer animates the Greeks. She assures us that the best Greeks are convinced of the certainty of their attainment to a future which will match their past. Bulgaria is characterized, as it has been by others, as "the Prussia of the Balkans." Serbia is called "the undaunted," a well-deserved title, to which the author adds her impression that Serbia is the only one of the Balkan States not dreaming of ascendancy over the others. Of Montenegro she says, "The people live in huts, dress in rags, but walk about like moving arsenals." As to Albania, any one with a taste for the romantic will be fascinated by the dramatic description of the wild, untamed spirit of the people.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

God the Invisible King. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

Mr. Wells writes too much. He is not always sane in his judgments. He sometimes gives an impression of sensationalism. But he is always frank and, we believe, always sincere. This volume is an attempt by him to interpret "modern religion as he sees it." As he sees it, it is "complete agnosticism in the matter of God the Creator and entire faith in the matter of God the Redeemer." The value of his book lies, not in its solution of religious problems, but in its recognition of the reality of religious problems and in its provocation to real and untrammelled religious thinking.

WAR BOOKS

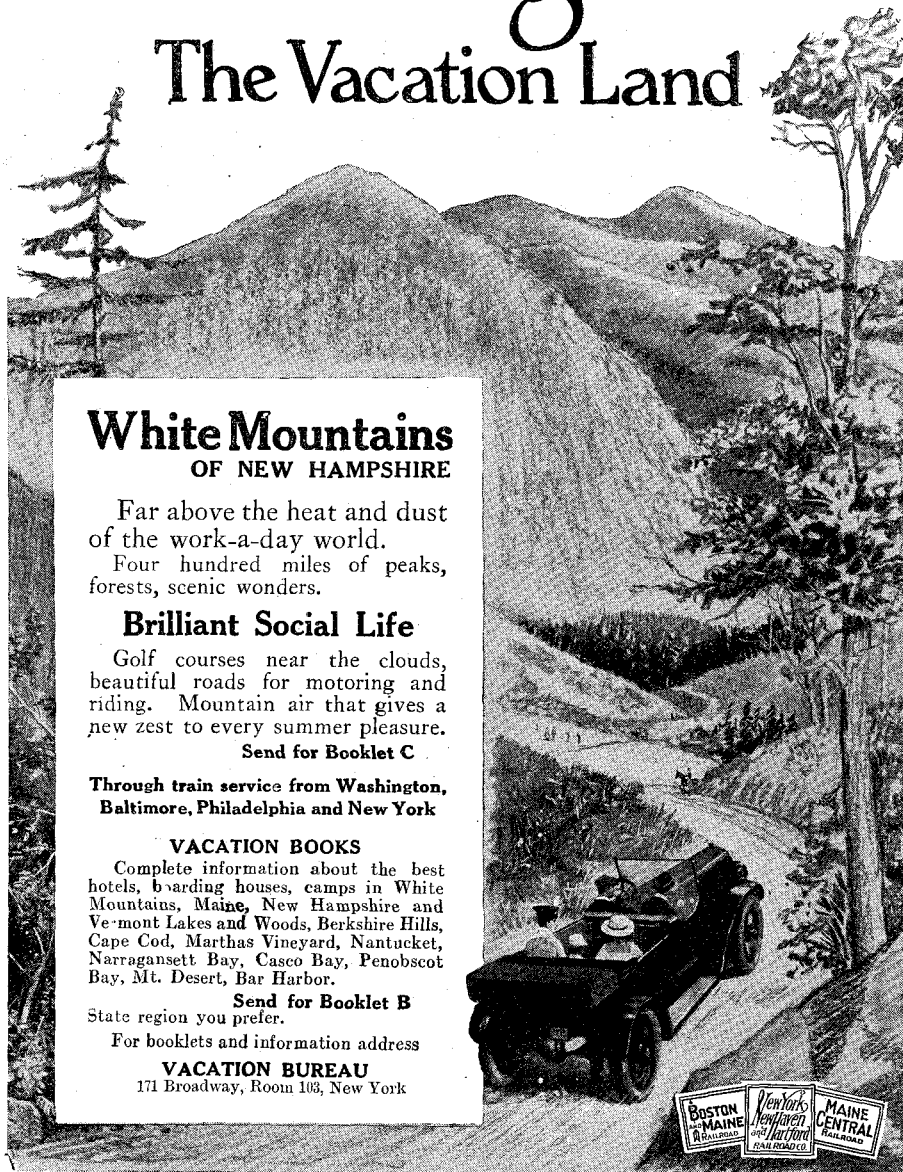
Hurrah and Halleluiah. The Teaching of Germany's Poets, Prophets, Professors, and Preachers. By J. P. Bang, D.D. With an Introduction by Ralph Connor. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$1.

This, the title of a volume of German verse, the spirit of which in its dealing with the present war the title expresses, Dr. J. P. Bang has taken for his book, which is an account of the teaching of Germany's poets, prophets, professors, and preachers, and is largely composed of quotations from current German literature. We do not know among modern books any one volume which will give to the English reader in so brief a form so clear a reflection of the militaristic spirit which seems to possess, not only the military leaders, but the teachers of every description in Germany.

To Verdun from the Somme. By Harry E. Brittain. Introduction by James M. Beck. The John Lane Company, New York. \$1.

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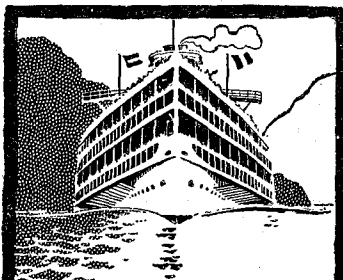
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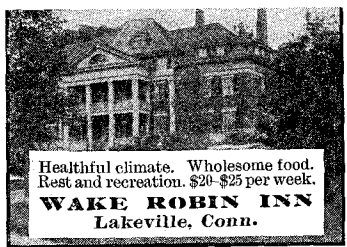
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